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NATIONAL CATHOLIC MAGAZINE

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# LETTERS

## THE STORY OF SKOKIE

The article on the Christian movement of Skokie (June) is enough to turn one into a pagan. The underhanded, real-estate, sales-contract scheme was mentioned as quite morally acceptable, and the poor woman called a "hypocrite" by intimidation, because she preferred to live with her own color and was presumptuous enough to be a daily communicant . . .

I would dearly love to see all these zealous workers transfer their talents to any Negro area where they will find a great need in raising the moral and health standards. The "educated, skilled Negroes" could join them, so that in time they could move forward as a race and honestly earn the respect they are trying to force under the guise of "Christian charity." Please spare us from any more such articles.

MRS. WALTER E. RONEY  
HINSDALE, ILLINOIS

THE SIGN is a good magazine. It has one fault. It suffers from Negrophilia. The use of religion as an instrument of guilt-psychology in the field of race relations was too fully bared in Senses's

article about the Joneses. This device achieves effectiveness when the recipient is not aware of the technique. Mr. Senses should be more discreet. Else, many more people than have already done so will undergo an orientation far different from that sought to be achieved.

JOHN BROCKENBROUGH FOX  
BALTIMORE, MARYLAND

To state it abruptly, I am unimpressed with articles like "Two More Joneses," since in nearly every instance they have to do with the intellectual Negro or Negro family. In view of the very large proportion of Negroes who do not classify as intellectuals, your article is not typical and, as such, cannot establish a basis for the solution of the integration problem. If and when the issue of integration is seen in something of a realistic light, then the problem will become less of a problem and more of an orderly transition.

I am definitely on the side of the Negro and have been all of my life . . .

My feeling about integration is that it is being hurried to the point of being impractical. Granted it has been long overdue and should have started twenty-five or even fifty years ago, there is no available blueprint that will make it possible to do a quick, overnight change. I'm certainly pleased that Mr. and Mrs. Jones got their home in Skokie. On the other hand, thousands of their confederates are no more ready for integration into Skokie than they were a thousand years ago. . . .

It is my further contention that many whites are not critical of color but they



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are resentful of behaviorism, a prev-  
alent source of criticism of the Negro . . .

What's needed, certainly, is many,  
many families of the caliber of the  
Joneses, but nowhere is there evidence  
that an attempt is being made to de-  
velop them. . . .

FRANKLIN J. HASSMER

CINCINNATI, OHIO

How, by any stretch of the imagi-  
nation, one Negro couple, Catholic and  
college trained, without children, liv-  
ing in a community of 60,000 whites in  
Skokie, Illinois, is an example of in-  
tegration is beyond me. . . .

EDWARD F. BOYLE

BRONX, NEW YORK

I have just finished reading "Two  
More Joneses Have Gone to Suburbia."  
A tremendous article with pictures that  
I sincerely wish had the circulation that  
Little Rock, New Orleans, Freedom  
Riders, etc., receive.

As one who has traveled much over-  
seas, I can say we are our country's  
worst enemies.

JOHN E. MORGAN

DANVILLE, ILLINOIS

#### DRIVEL—MASTERPIECE?

I was surprised by the drivels of one  
Brian Friel in the June issue. ("My  
Famous Grandfather"). Don't you  
think there are enough outside of the  
race, ever and always ready to ridicule  
us? Friel's contribution is worthy of as-  
sociation with articles as contemptuous  
as those that so often appear in mag-  
azines of the lower order. . . .

PATRICK J. KILLEEN

DETROIT, MICHIGAN

Your magazine is terrific from cover  
to cover. Your fiction is superb—last  
month, "My Famous Grandfather," by  
Brian Friel, was a masterpiece.

MRS. JAMES E. JOICE

LA MIRADA, CALIFORNIA

#### THAT JUNE EDITORIAL

Your June editorial "Christians or  
Hypocrites?" really made my blood boil.

1. In the first place, there is nothing  
unconstitutional about segregation. In-  
credible as it may seem, there is no  
constitutional right to attend an in-  
tegrated school or to be served at a  
lunch counter.

In the interpretation of laws, the most  
important question the courts must  
consider is the intent of the law's  
framers. In deciding, purely on the  
basis of their own sociological opinions,  
that segregation is a violation of the  
Fourteenth Amendment, the justices of  
the Supreme Court pleaded ignorance  
of its intent, in the face of overwhelm-  
ing evidence that its framers did not  
intend to outlaw segregation. . . .

And it may be noted that your  
readiness to accept this judicial per-  
version of the Constitution is in marked  
contrast to your May editorial ("Two  
Church-State Errors"), in which you

quote Madison to show that the First  
Amendment was not intended to effect  
a complete separation of religion and  
education. If you accept judicial re-  
vision of the Constitution in regard to  
segregation, you have no basis for com-  
plaint if the First Amendment is  
similarly mutilated to suit the secu-  
larists.

2. If "segregation is a denial of es-  
sential teachings of Christianity," you  
should explain why segregation has  
until recently been the practice in Cath-  
olic institutions in the South. Until you  
do, I cannot regard this about-face as  
anything but the crassest modernism.

3. Your third argument cannot be  
termed anything but disgraceful. Noth-  
ing—but nothing—could be more ir-  
relevant than how the rest of the world  
likes the way the United States handles  
its internal affairs. Kowtowing to "world  
opinion" can bring us nothing but con-  
tempt of the rest of the world. What  
American foreign policy needs is less  
drivel about "democracy" and a greater  
understanding of the realities of power  
politics.

WILLIAM S. HAMMA

ROSEDALE, NEW YORK

Your editorial is so timely and much  
needed . . .

C. SILVEIRO

SO. DARTMOUTH, MASSACHUSETTS

I have just read your forthright edi-  
torial on integration. I believe exactly  
as you do, and to have you say what  
you did gives me hope that some day  
the problem will be resolved. Most  
people, as you well know, choose to  
ignore or make out it doesn't exist. . . .

W. M. WAKEFIELD

HOUSTON, TEXAS

Would to God your editorial  
"Christians or Hypocrites?" might be  
read in every Catholic church, at every  
Mass, in every one of these United  
States and studied and discussed in  
every Catholic high school and college  
throughout the land! May God give us  
the grace to face the issue. Are we  
hypocrites when we go to the Com-  
munion rail to receive our Lord, when  
we flaunt His basic commands?

JULIA A. SORMANI

BROOKLYN, NEW YORK

The editorial "Christians or Hypo-  
crites?" is the finest one to appear thus  
far in the Catholic press—and the  
wisest. It is wisdom to admit that the  
moral cause may not accomplish what  
must be accomplished, but the selfish  
one may.

America has become a courtroom,  
and we are being tried by millions of  
people who are not white. What has  
happened in the South and what the  
uncommitted in the North are doing  
have done more damage to America  
than a small atom bomb . . .

Father Gorman's editorial is free,  
brave, and challenging. It is almost a  
solace to find someone who will speak  
so frankly and honestly about the Civil  
War centenary while we face, within a  
year and a half, a far more important



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centenary, the Emancipation Proclamation. How will we honor it? . . .

MRS. ALICE OGLE  
SAN FRANCISCO, CALIFORNIA

Your editorial "Christians or Hypocrites?" is deeply satisfactory, as a comprehensive survey of the condition of Negroes in our democracy.

The comment on the segregationists who whine for more time is very much to the point. I feel that theirs is the same spirit which led them to the attempt to disrupt the Union a century ago. Now their actions could disrupt our country's relations with Africa and Asia . . .

It is a provincial and narrow view some Americans have that our treatment of Negroes is a local matter, whereas its repercussions are world-wide.

I would like to see your editorial broadcast, especially in Congress. It might wake up a few diehards.

MRS. WM. STETSON MERRILL  
OCONOMOWOC,  
WISCONSIN

## BRIDAL STORY

I particularly enjoyed the article "The Story of the Bride." (May) My daughter is being married this month, and I assure you it helped her a lot. Please give us more articles like this one. We need them.

MRS. HENRY STROMMER  
ST. PAUL, MINNESOTA

## COLLEGE IN THE CONGO

Congratulations on "College in the Congo." (June) A picture is worth a thousand words, and those taken by John and Bini Moss show us that life at Lovanium is much the same as it is at Holy Cross or Yale.

MABEL P. QUINLAN  
BENNINGTON, VERMONT

## DANGER SIGNALS

I am writing in reference to the article "Seven Danger Signals in Marriage." (April)

I thought that this article was most practical and very much to the point.

I believe most people are too proud to seek outside help, but with something as important as their marriage, pride should be left at home.

PHYLLIS GILL  
DETROIT, MICHIGAN

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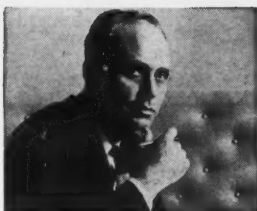
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CITY Zone STATE

Paul Smith, who has spent five years in Africa as a lay missionary, tells what it will take to survive in the Peace Corps P. 7



What happens when an American family adopts a Korean child? A mother's story. P. 13

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NATIONAL CATHOLIC MAGAZINE

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# How to be an Ultraconservative

Here is a prescription for anyone who wants to be an ultraconservative. All the ingredients are not essential, but the more the better.

If it isn't too late, it helps to get yourself born into a well-to-do family. You will never have any worries about income or economic security. You can map a safe, pleasant course for your life: college and university, a management job in industry or a profession; after graduation, marriage to a college girl who knows the rules of polite society, a home in the suburbs alongside other up-and-coming junior executives. You won't come in personal contact with anything that might shake your faith in the supreme goodness of free enterprise, unrestricted competition, freedom from government restraint, and your unlimited right to private property.

While in college it will help if you join one of the ultraconservative groups that have sprung up on some campuses, such as the Intercollegiate Society of Individualists or Young Americans for Freedom. Join both, if you can really take it. You will find yourself exposed to the lectures of some of our most prominent right-wing radicals. You will revel in a comfortable feeling of complacency at the ease with which they diagnose national and international ills and prescribe simple, homeopathic remedies that provide a magic cure.

Don't study Catholic social principles or you may run into difficulties. You might even develop a sort of split conscience. If you join the Young Americans for Freedom, for instance, you will have to accept the so-called "Sharon Statement," which, among other propositions condemned by papal teaching, contains this gem, "free play of supply and demand" is the only "economic system compatible with the requirements of personal freedom and constitutional government."

When you get a little older and wish to continue your ultraconservative development, you can join the John Birch Society. Taking this part of the prescription may cause a little gagging at first, unless you have already conditioned yourself to swallow whole the undiluted quackeries of the lunatic fringe.

A good approach is to begin by developing your frustrations. The world is full of evils, especially the

Communist menace which threatens on every side. The Communists are beating us in the cold war, making more progress in space than we are, and are taking over more and more territory.

What to do? The Birch Society provides the answer. It will give you the two things you need: a scapegoat and an outlet for your frustrated energies. The scapegoat is the domestic Communists—forty million of them—your neighbors, friends, business associates, legislators, leaders. Among those involved in this diabolical conspiracy are Dwight and Milton Eisenhower, Chief Justice Warren, and Dag Hammarskjöld. You will discover that the nation is infested with Communist stooges, the Supreme Court is a nest of Socialists and worse, our foreign aid and defense programs are part of a Communist plot to weaken America, segregation of races is good, welfare programs are socialistic, democracy is really mobocracy, and the government should abandon the Federal Reserve System, the Commodity Credit Corporation, and veterans' hospitals.

As an outlet for your patriotic energies and a release from your frustrations, you must have activity. The Birch Society prescription for this is snooping. You go about smelling out Communists or Comsymps (Communist sympathizers) in homes, clubs, offices, PTA groups, and even among the clergy. It will help if you remember that anyone who disagrees with your political or social views is thereby suspect.

There are a few other helps. Avoid areas suffering economic blight, bread lines, the unemployed, the sharecroppers, the migrant workers, the victims of race prejudice, slums, the elderly who have been discarded by a heartless economic system. The sight of human misery might soften you and incline you to abandon your conviction that the government should do nothing to alleviate human misery, that its sole task is to act as a policeman protecting the right of the rich to get richer and of the poor to help themselves if they can, and, if they can't, to hold out their hands to receive charity.

The above is only part of the prescription for the making of an ultraconservative, but it contains the essentials. We don't think the ingredients help toward making a true Christian or a real American.

*Frather Ralph Gorman, C.P.*



# PEACE CORPS

## what it takes to survive

BY PAUL SMITH

**Peace Corps volunteers  
face a hard life in a com-  
pletely different world.  
Spiritual convictions are  
needed to succeed**

*Author Paul Smith, for five years a lay missionary in Africa*

MANY TIMES since my recent return from Africa, I have been asked what life is going to be like for the Peace Corps volunteers who go abroad. Will these young, idealistic Americans be able to stand the strain of trying to accomplish something in strange lands amid even stranger customs? Will the Peace Corps really "make a difference" in these developing countries of Africa, Asia, and Latin America? These questions come to me because for five years I was an American lay missionary in Africa living much the same life that awaits the newly formed Peace Corps. I like to answer these questions by talking about a young man in the Congo named Pascal Lushambuwa.

I first met Pascal, a wiry young man of twenty, about a year before the Congo received its independence June 30, 1960. He was hired by the Catholic Mission at Katana as a helper and, since we took a liking to each other, he was soon spending a couple of hours a day teaching me French and Swahili, one of the principal languages of Africa. Our conversations in French blossomed out—I must say haltingly on my part—into lively discussions of the differences in the history of the Congo, Europe, and America. Pascal took me to his village and I could see the pride his family had in him.

**"The ones who survive are the ones  
with deep convictions about their role  
in life and their usefulness"**



*Paul Smith and his assistant, Pascal Lushambuwa, check over truck used for making African films*



*Mission in district of Katana, where it was an accomplishment to stay alive during Congo trouble*

Then our world turned upside down.

Independence came to the Congo, and thousands of Congolese, prodded on by Communist Lumumba, went wild. Lumumba told the soldiers of the *Force du Publique* to take what they wanted, because they were no longer subject to their Belgian officers. They went berserk and committed rape and plunder. The whites fled. Their stores were broken into. Food the Africans stole was destroyed, not eaten.

In our district of Katana, twenty-five miles north of Bukavu, capital of Kivu Province, on the eastern edge of the Congo, seventy European plantations closed down, throwing 70,000 Congolese out of work. Schools closed and com-

merce collapsed. There were no crops because there had been no planting, and famine spread. (I had to devote half my time to hunting and fishing just to stay alive; a point I'll return to, because it says something more about what the Peace Corps can expect.)

One day, as the weeks of this chaos dragged on, Pascal came back to the mission to see Father Roger DeVloo and me. He told us that Communist leaders were visiting the taverns every night, trying to get young men to join the Communist party as their only hope of economic recovery. "These Communists are like crawling things which destroy life and happiness," Pascal said.

Pascal meanwhile had been rallying a group of his friends to build a resistance movement to the Communists. But he didn't know which way to turn. He knew only that he wanted a social action group, not "hymn-singers," as he put it. He recalled that Father DeVloo and I had often talked about what co-ops and community development programs could do for people. How could he get started?

That night, Pascal and twenty of his friends came to the mission, determined to call themselves the *Sisi Qua Sisi*, which means "One for all and all for one." They wrote a set of rules establishing personal honesty and attendance at daily Mass. Next came banners and uniforms, which native Sisters made from old material. The villagers laughed at them. Soon the laughing stopped.

The mission turned over its coffee plantation to Pascal's group—with the collapse of all commerce in the country, no coffee was being produced anyway. The boys cleared the bush and coffee trees and began to plant beans, ten acres at a time. They were using the primitive method of broadcasting the seeds by hands, so Father DeVloo and I showed them how to use crude ploughs, which we made on the spot, and to plant in rows. As soon as ten acres were planted, the group started on the next ten, and so on until we had a rotation crop established.

When the beans came up, there were enough for the whole village. The villagers became impressed at this point and were happy to join a plan by which they would be paid so many beans for so much daily work. The *Sisi Qua Sisi* built a co-op storage bin and encouraged the people to clear unused land and to plant their own crop. It was like giving sight to a blind man. The villagers soon saw that if they could get food through this joint effort, then they could also build a proper sewage system, water supply, and roads, projects which are now under way.

**OTHER TRIBES**, especially the Kabare, a neighboring hostile tribe, soon heard about this strange work going on in Katana. The Kabare sent delegates to Katana on an inspection trip, and they were so impressed that they asked for approval to join forces with us to extend the community development plan.

The Communists were still trying to sow discord, but now Pascal and his friends could argue from a position of strength. One night they broke up a Communist meeting, and that was the end of the Red influence in Katana. The villagers were so impressed with Pascal's leadership that they gave him a lifetime tenure of land to show their appreciation.

Before our very eyes, we saw dignity and courage return to the bewildered Congolese of Katana, when they were spurred on by the leadership of one of their own tribesmen. The people had previously been used to having all their problems solved for them under a paternalistic colonialism. When the chips were down, they proved they could forage for themselves. It took our realization of Pascal's leadership qualities and his own inherent goodness and concern for



his people to find the best channel by which a restoration of the dignity of his people was possible.

This, then, is my answer to the basic question about the Peace Corps. Whole countries can be reconstructed on the village level—as Katana was and continues to be—if the American volunteers develop and guide native leaders who, in turn, can instill in the people a new dignity and desire to help themselves—rather than have someone else do the work for them.

But before the results of the Peace Corps can ever be measured, we will have to see first if the young Americans can stick out a life where there will be peril and frustration every hour. So many qualities are required of a person who works abroad that it is hard to list them all: expertness in a particular occupation, tact, ingenuity, perseverance, guts, and, most of all, the proper motivation.

**WHATEVER WERE MY INTENTIONS** and motivations when I became a lay missionary, they required the moulding which can only be received through a properly conducted training program, such as that given by the Lay Mission-Helpers of Los Angeles or the many other lay mission groups. The Lay Mission-Helpers, which I joined in 1955, now have eighty-eight lay missionaries in Africa.

I feel that we and the other lay missionary groups have been, in a sense, pioneers for the Peace Corps, which will now enlarge on the social and educational work that we have been doing abroad. One of the reasons for the lay missionaries' general success is that, although we co-operate with priests for the spiritual well-being of the people, we do not force Catholicism upon the people. Similarly, the Peace Corps can achieve the respect of foreigners if the volunteers don't force America upon the people.

Ever since graduation from Georgetown Foreign Service School a decade ago, I have wanted to work abroad in some form of the communications field. I had already gained several years professional photographic experience by the time I finished at the university. Eventually, my skill and the needs of the Lay Mission-Helpers coincided. I was trained and given all kinds of warnings to prepare me for the life ahead in Africa—first in the newspaper field and promotional motion pictures in Nigeria, then producing educational films in the Congo. I thought I was ready for everything. And believe me, everything happened.

I have had dysentery, typhoid, and malaria (twice); I have been attacked by snakes and bitten by scorpions, stoned, manhandled, and accused of being a Belgian spy; I have had a knife held against my throat in the middle of the jungle; and I was offered the use of a harem by an overly friendly village chief. And the last time I saw the Congo, I was running across a bridge into Urundi with bullets whizzing around my head.

My unorthodox departure from the Congo came when the White Fathers, with whom I had been working, asked me to go back to the United States to do organizational work for new projects—our work in the Congo, production and distribution of educational films for the Congolese, had come to a standstill because of the chaos. The Lumumbist troops and the legal provincial government were having a power struggle, and each required an exit permit. But the government threatened jail to anyone seeking such a pass from the army. So the only thing to do was run across the border when the guards weren't looking. On the middle of the bridge, ricocheting bullets told me the guards were there, all right, but fortunately I had a head start on them.

I don't suppose the average Peace Corps volunteer will have this kind of experience, but one he may very well have is to rustle up some food for himself. When life in the

Congo broke down, there was no way for the mission to get food, other than the small, vegetable garden we had. This soon gave out, so I started to devote a lot of time to hunting and fishing. I didn't dare use guns—for it was the very fact that we didn't have guns at the mission that doubtless saved our lives when the Communists got nasty. I found a bow and some arrows, and with a little practice I was able to bring down a gazelle. Between gazelles and fish, we kept going.

I rather enjoyed African food, by the way, which I believe makes me a bit of a rarity among Westerners in Africa. Most foreigners won't touch African food, because they simply can't stomach the sight, smell, or taste of it. But I developed a taste for *fou fou*, which is a substance something like unleavened bread dough. The idea is that you break off a piece and dip it into a meat or fish sauce made from palm oil a day or two earlier. Once, I had shrimp *fou fou* along the Volta River in Ghana. It was delicious.

Because of the nature of my work, I traveled alone through the jungle a good deal of the time in a small Volkswagen truck. Whenever I was stopped, upon seeing me alone in the truck, the people usually grinned and saluted me with their greeting for the Catholic priest, "Faddah!" Generally no white person would travel alone in the bush except the priest. The Africans co-operated, especially when I would take a picture of the local chief, then dash to the truck, where I had a makeshift darkroom and some high-speed developer, and return in a few moments with the photo for all to see.

**PHOTOGRAPHING LIFE** in the villages was an important part in producing the documentaries for Africa Films, which is sort of the M-G-M of Africa. It was started by Father DeVloo fourteen years ago and now has about \$300,000 worth of equipment, including a sound stage, at the organization's headquarters in Katana, near Bukavu, where we lived. I was assigned by the Lay Mission-Helpers to Africa Films to relieve a priest who had been assisting Father DeVloo, so that the priest could go back to his original job of instructing the Congolese in the faith.

Africa Films has produced many ambitious and excellent movies. For example, the first film I worked on was a documentary showing the moral, social, and economic problems young Africans face when they leave their tribes for life in the de-tribalized cities. Before independence, Father DeVloo and I began a movie called *Uhuru* ("Freedom"), which would show the Congolese their obligations as citizens. We tried to show the development of the Congo from the bush to the modern cities. We shot the election campaigning and then scenes of the actual elections. We wanted the ending to be the climactic moments of independence, with the people joyfully coming into their own.

But instead of celebrations, there was tension, then terror. Instead of the happy ending, we found ourselves photographing the UN troops trying to restore peace in the Congo. Overnight the Congolese became anti-white. People I had known for years were suddenly obnoxious and acting superior to me. Everything the white man stood for the Congolese resented, even though they were at the same time trying to emulate him.

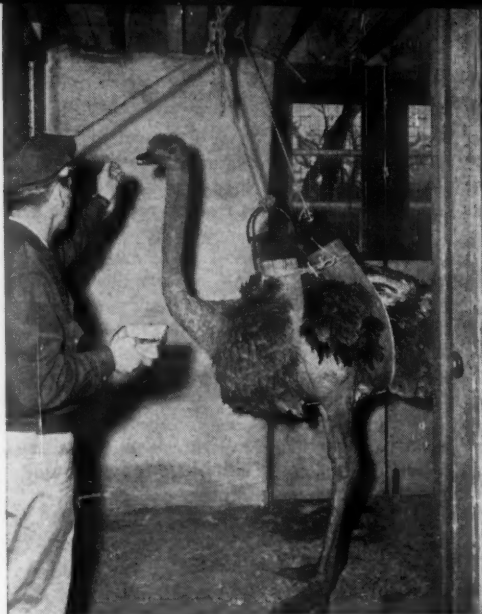
Through these difficult days I was frightened, not so much for my own person as at the specter of friends turning on me because the color of my skin represented something hostile to them. Suddenly, I was conscious of my white skin and ashamed. I had never felt that way before. I knew that Lumumba had been sowing the seeds of class hatred, and I was frustrated not to be able to do anything about it. All the world knows of the terrible atrocities committed by the

(Continued on Page 72)

# FUZZY, FUSSY GUESTS

## at the Bronx Zoo

BY EDWARD WAKIN



*This ostrich had his downfall in an ice-pond. Sling helps him back on his feet.*

"The death of our platypus Pamela was completely unexpected. She had been feeding well and appeared to be in good condition. It was a shock, therefore, to find her dead in her pool the morning of March 25, 1959."

This death notice, disturbing the calm of the Bronx Zoo's latest annual report, is a zookeeper's nightmare, an admission that life in captivity has been too much for one of his animals. It is also a rare defeat for a determined band of experts keeping 2,984 animals representing 1,071 species happy and alive in the nation's number one zoo. Their grateful audience at New York City's Bronx Zoo totals 2.5 million visitors, who each year roam the zoo's 252 acres and visit its fifty-odd buildings.

Behind the scenes at the zoo, Curator William Bridges explains that successful zookeeping depends on knowing enough about the animals to adjust their diets, to provide adequate living quarters, and to avoid making fatal mistakes.

The zoo is like a fifty-dollar-a-day resort in the Catskills or the Poconos, where the guests are very fussy and make all kinds of special demands for food, service, and accommodations. The vampire bats from Trinidad demand fresh blood for dinner, though the mongoose is willing to settle for boiled eggs or chopped meat instead of its usual diet—poisonous serpents. The monkeys demand variety in their menu, while the elephants must be fed a single portion at a time for much of the day. Over-all, the daily menu at the zoo in-

cludes more than 150 kinds of food.

When the Bronx Zoo has a platypus, a rare, egg-laying mammal seldom seen in captivity, its hospitality knows no bounds. Back in 1922, when the zoo displayed America's first immigrant platypus, thousands came to see it, but it lived only forty days. In the years since, other platypuses have come and gone, including a 1957 couple, Penelope and Cecil. The zoo built them special quarters similar to the one they had in Australia (though they didn't like the varnish on the wood) and fed them their favorite brand of worms. When sunlight annoyed them, a canopy was built. Since ladies in bright dresses upset them, they were asked to stand in the rear of the crowd at the platypus cage. Loud noises unnerved them, so a hush was maintained around their quarters. Umbrellas, too, were disconcerting, so they were banned.

Yet, as one curator commented, the platypus is "nervous, shy, temperamental, and ready to die if things don't go its way." Penelope burrowed under the fence and escaped, never to be seen again. (Description: looks like a web-footed, American muskrat except for a strange head with a broad, flat beak.) One month later, Cecil died. In 1958, the zoo obtained Paul, Patty, and Pamela, and there were three platypuses on display. But on that fateful

morning of March 25, 1959, when Pamela was found dead in her pool, there were none. "You can say," commented a curator, "that the platypus is the most difficult animal we've ever had to keep."

Or take the recent case of the curator who tried to think like an armadillo, an animal which resembles a huge, clumsy rabbit with a large protruding nose and prominent ears. It never had thrived at the zoo; of seven predecessors going back to 1924, none had lived longer than about two years. Thinking about its favorite dish in Africa—ants—the curator in question imported dried locusts from Africa, dried flies from Mexico, and ant pupas from Europe and concocted a "tender, juicy mixture."

What ensued was one of those private dramas of the zoo world. The mixture was placed before the armadillo, as keeper, curator, and other zoo employees hovered about, waiting for its decision. The ungrateful beast sniffed at the mixture, turned up its long nose and walked away. Instead, the armadillo is subsisting happily and per-versely on a daily, five-quart meal of choppeu meat, raw egg, milk, dog biscuit, cod liver oil, and bone meal.

Generally, the zoo's menu-makers apply a double feeding principle. They reproduce the diet which is found in the animal's wild life or devise an acceptable substitute if the natural food is not available. With so many to be fed so many different meals, it is not surprising that the zoo's chef is the first man on the job every morning. He

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"Nervous, shy, temperamental, and ready to die if things don't go his way," the duck-billed platypus, claims the curator, is "the most difficult animal we've ever had to keep"

arrives at 6:30 A.M., and by seven the bear keepers have filled their baskets with bread, meat, and vegetables for their charges. All day long, trucks carry away meals for the animals or bring in food of the next day's meals.

Though the zoo has a policy of not feeding live animals to its residents, it has no trouble fooling those who like their food live. After the prey is killed and dropped into the cage, an attendant moves the carcass with a stick. That's enough to convince any hungry animal, and he gobbles up his "live" meal.

Besides the right food, there is the problem of the right time and the right amount. Birds must eat every day because of their high rate of metabolism and, indeed, hummingbirds must have food in their cages at all times. Once, when five hummingbirds were sent by taxi from Manhattan to the Bronx Zoo, four arrived in a coma and the fifth died because no provision was made for food enroute. At least ninety different kinds of food are fed to the birds, practically every conceivable variety of vegetable, fruits, various seeds, and eggs, as well as mice, chickens, rabbits, frogs, and snakes.

The monkeys get four different menus during the week. Mondays: bananas, boiled potatoes, oranges. Tuesdays: carrots, lettuce, bananas, apples, oranges. Wednesdays: rice pudding, cabbage. Thursdays: Monday menu. Fridays: Tuesday menu. Saturdays: Wednesday menu. Sundays: bananas.

Fortunately, most animals are happy with a steady diet, though elephants are finicky eaters. They must be fed in stages; otherwise, they will pick out the

choicest portions of hay and walk away, refusing to eat the rest. Since an elephant may eat as much as seventy-five pounds of hay in a day, feeding them is practically a full-time job. Kangaroos are the most sophisticated eaters, taking four hours to consume a leisurely daily diet of carrots, potatoes, sugar beets, cabbage, apples, crushed oats, and rye bread. But the duikers, or African antelopes, are so ravenous that if they miss a meal one day, they are likely to gulp down the next meal so rapidly they will choke on it. On the other hand, the python only has to eat once every two weeks, when it consumes thirty to forty pounds of freshly killed chickens, feathers and all.

Since animals generally don't know when they have had enough to eat, the zoo keeps a careful eye on quantity. Only the birds will ignore surplus food. The large tortoises, particularly, would never stop gobbling lettuce, apples, oranges, bananas, and huge slices of watermelon. One of them can polish off a barrel of lettuce in a day's munching. Last fall, Andy the orangutan was put on a diet when he topped 450 pounds, about one hundred pounds over his best shape and weight. At feeding time, Andy now gets three-quarters of a bucket of vegetables and fruit, instead of a full bucket, and is isolated from his cage companion, Sandra, whose food he had been stealing.

Sometimes, it takes a heap of ingenuity to keep a zoo. How, for instance, do you prevent the bright-red American flamingo from turning pale? According to a zoo official, the American flamingo in captivity became "sadly

pale, a washed-out caricature of its former self." Or how do you prepare meals for James's flamingos which find food morsels too big to handle even when prepared in an electric blender? To keep up the red color, the zoo tried shrimp, salmon, and lobster shells in the flamingo diet, then switched to a poultry ration with a special ingredient added. It contained carrot oil, which now keeps the American flamingos red.



Little blue duiker, injured, is helped with splints and TLC



The feeding problem was solved with something nicknamed "James's Flamingo Food Mixture," designed by the curator of birds and a zoo electrician. It consists of a ten-gallon milk can with a spout added, an electric motor on top, and two sets of propellers.

Two years ago, the zoo had to face the emergency of an ostrich from South Africa caught in the ice. The ostrich was roaming the African Plains, a four-acre moated enclosure where various zoo animals and birds can move about freely. Meanwhile, the waterhole, which is usually dry in winter, became filled with three feet of water when a drain became blocked. Ice formed, but it was not solid enough to support a strolling 305-pound ostrich, and the animal had to be carefully lifted out by attendants. Since the ostrich was considerably weakened by the ordeal, the zoo devised a sling which hung from the ceiling and supported the unwieldy animal around its middle as it recuperated.

As the hand that feeds the animals, each keeper becomes his animals' best friend and, in turn, spots anything that goes wrong, especially cage incompatibility, one of the pitfalls of zookeeping. In a recent example involving the zoo's rarest monkey, the bay colobus from the Congo, the keeper noticed that its roommates were pushing it around. Being a quiet sort, the bay colobus bored its roommates, who tormented it

to break the monotony. Result: a very upset rare monkey. At about the same time, the curator of mammals noticed that a moustache monkey, a long-tailed West African type, was also being pushed around. So the two passive monkeys were united happily in the same cage.

Over at the Animal Hospital, the veterinarian, Charles P. Gandall, and his staff must be ready to handle a gazelle with two broken hind legs, to remove a tumor from a parakeet, and (as a zoological report puts it) to apply a "practical method of obtaining blood from anesthetized turtles by means of cardiac puncture."

Zoo medicine sometimes approaches medical wizardry, mainly because the veterinarian can't handle the animals in their normal state in order to examine them. The tamest animals bite, and, in fact, the so-called gentle animals are the only ones who have ever bitten Dr. Gandall. (He made the mistake of trusting them.) Even an examination changes an animal's normal temperature, pulse, and respiration; taking a monkey's temperature raises it two degrees. Tranquillizers help, as does the friendly care of hospital attendants. One small African antelope, a blue duiker, arrived with an injured hoof and a jittery personality, but soon became so relaxed that it was given the run of the hospital. But to show the complications of life at the zoo, visitors

would see it and rush to the phone to report that a "wild" animal was loose.

The veterinarian's ultimate weapon is a gun, not to kill the animals, but to inject them with a muscle relaxant that leaves them conscious but temporarily paralyzed. In the main, the veterinarian depends on observation and information gleaned from the keepers who are always with the animals. He also relies heavily on preventive medicine, inoculating the animals and maintaining healthy surroundings. For instance, a new shipment of monkeys was quarantined at the hospital while they received thorough medical examinations and were checked for infections, parasites, and tuberculosis.

- Undoubtedly, the happiest event at the zoo is the arrival of a newborn, and in recent years no zoo baby created the stir caused by the first hippopotamus born at the zoo in sixty years. Until his death at age forty-nine, the zoo's hippopotamus Peter the Great had lived in bachelor bliss; he was followed in 1956 by a happy couple, Peter II and Phoebe.

Then came the big day, December 16, 1959, weather mild and bright. When Phoebe's time approached, she turned on Peter II, roaring, bellowing, and snapping at him. She obviously did not want him around, so he was turned outdoors and she ambled over to the indoor pool, where at 10:05 A.M. a new hippo was born with a splash (hippos are born and nurse under water). In the next weeks, Phoebe, absorbed in motherhood, made Peter keep his distance and wouldn't let him near the water, leaving him "dispirited, discouraged, and sad."

"But," reports the bulletin of the New York Zoological Society, "such violent antipathy between the sexes cannot go on forever, else the hippopotamus would cease to exist. Phoebe grew more and more tolerant, and on the morning of January 12, one day short of four weeks after the birth of the baby, Peter quietly descended to the warm and soothing water of the pool while Phoebe was feeding in the stall, and she made no protest."

And now we take leave of this happy hippo family, which like so many others at the zoo is living contentedly behind bars, enjoying the special food and the custom-made accommodations. Looking at the zoo's annual list of other newborns—uele colobus monkey, bison, reindeer, eland, yak, Bengal tiger—it can be noted that there is no greater testimonial to the captive life. The formerly wild animals feel so much at home in the Bronx zoo that they have settled down and raised families.



Hippos are born and nursed under water. On Dec. 16, 1959, Phoebe, the hippopotamus pictured above, added another hippo to the Bronx Zoo.

# Our Daughter Wore a Tag

BY ROSE LUCEY



**When Meira came to America a year ago, she didn't know what a "mother" and "father" were. A Los Angeles mother writes about her adoption**

■ When Meira first came to us, I think we were more scared than she was. At her first meal, she ate voraciously, as if it were going to be her last for a long time. Each meal for two days was the same: she ate and ate. We were afraid she would make herself sick from overeating, yet we didn't want to make her unhappy by refusing her food. The worst part was that we couldn't explain to her that from now on she wouldn't have to worry about enough to eat. Finally, by some sort of international sign language, we made her understand that two helpings per meal was the limit, but that the next mealtime would roll around soon.

Meira seemed to get the idea and my husband Dan and I sighed as crisis number one was conquered in our adoption of a nine-year-old Korean orphan. Well, that was a year ago and, though there have been a few rough moments, the adjustment of Meira into our family life has been a lot easier than we had expected. Of course, eight brothers and sisters that Meira acquired at one stroke have provided her with a great deal of stimulation, competition—and, most of all, love.

We laugh now as we look back at the sight of Meira gorging herself. She was such a tiny girl, about the size of a six-year-old, dressed in clothes we had gathered for her that were miles too big. Right away, we had found her attractive, partly, I suppose, because of her wonderful smile. She has short, black hair in a Dutch cut, dark brown eyes and is very vivacious. In this first year in America, she has grown nearly three inches.

No book on child care tells you how to explain the meaning of "mother" and "father" to a bewildered child who has never known their existence. When Meira was three months old, she and a twin sister were abandoned at the door of White Lily Orphanage in Taegu, Korea.



*Meira and John prepare a play as Mother watches in background. Bamboo sticks are make-believe hot dogs*



*Baby sister Crista gets into difficulties with drooping pants. Meira comes to the rescue*

## NOW SHE HAS THEM ALL—MOTHER, FATHER, SISTER,

The twin did not survive. Meira spent the first eight years of her life in the care of the Sisters at the orphanage. She didn't know any English when she arrived in the United States, of course, and we thought we would surprise her with a few basic words in Korean which we had learned at the Korean Consulate. "Mother" and "father" drew absolutely no response from her.

Children catch on quickly, though. Her name actually is Pyo Ok-Kywong, but when we called her "Pyo," again no response. We did our best at pronouncing her baptismal name, "Myreille," and that wasn't very successful, either. Then Dan hit on playing a game. The children gathered in a circle and daddy went round and round, pointing at each child to call out his name. Each time he included our new daughter and finally, after many tries, she said "Meira," pronouncing it, "Meera."

One of the things Meira unknowingly demonstrated to us was the alarming influence environment plays on an individual, regardless of the color of his skin. During Meira's first few weeks with us, she was a model child. She had obviously been well trained by the nuns. She was quiet, rushed to pick up things off the floor, ran to set the table, and dried dishes with great willingness. She went directly to bed when told and carefully folded every article of clothing before donning her pajamas. But in a month, she had learned that pajamas and towels were to be stepped over, dishes could be made to last all evening, homes were for running around in, and bedtime was for stalling. Meira had learned to follow the crowd.

We can console ourselves, I suppose, with the thought that Meira has learned a lot of nice things from our other children: Mary, 19, Martha, 18, Ann, 14, Christopher, 12, Monica, 11, John, 7, Peter, 6, and Crista, 2. They were the ones who became wildly excited at the idea of adopting a Korean child when we first mentioned it to them.

We've always had a lot of foreign visitors in our home in Canoga Park, California, which is a suburb of Los Angeles. We've had students and teachers from Haiti, Rome, and India, among other places. A couple of years ago, a high-school girl from France stayed with us for a year through the International Student Exchange. Some of our friends joke about our house as an "international hostelry." We've benefited a great deal from these visits as well as giving strangers a look at American home life. Our children have learned a lot about other peoples and other lands. I think our business has affected our viewpoint, too. Dan and I own a Catholic book and art shop in Canoga Park. If I mention that we haven't paid any income tax in several years, you'll appreciate the fact that we're far from being wealthy.

I must mention two great women who were instrumental in putting the idea of a Korean child into our minds. The first was Genevieve Caulfield, a lovable, blind teacher who recently published her autobiography, *The Kingdom Within* (Harper). She came to dinner one night and told us of her thirty years in the Far East, working first as a teacher and second as an American trying to alleviate the poverty, illiteracy, and suffering she encountered everywhere. She told stories of the little children in overcrowded orphanages who often didn't have enough to eat. Our children sat at Miss Caulfield's feet and listened in awe.

Several months later, Elizabeth Reid, the famous Australian member of the Grail, lectured in our parish on the problems of refugees. No one who has ever heard Elizabeth Reid's description of the tragedy of the refugees can ever rest until he personally does something about the problem.

About this time, Dan and I were working on the program committee of the Christian Family Movement, doing research on the topic of world hunger. We saw a film on TV about refugees. And then World Refugee Year started.

Out of all this, the idea of adopting a refugee child seemed





*Meira has a taste for books. The Luceys often spend an evening in the living room reading with her*

## AND BROTHER... AND LOVE

to come up sort of naturally at one of our regular family meetings.

Was the idea ridiculous—considering we already had eight children? As a family, we knew how to make room for one more, but take in a grown child of another race and language? What would this do to our family?

The children never wavered in their acceptance of the idea. We warned them: "You'll all have to make sacrifices. The glamour of this will wear off quickly. She'll be a *real* sister and you'll be jealous of the attention she'll get."

Finally, we made the decision and wrote to Monsignor Emil N. Komora, executive director of the Catholic Committee for Refugees—N.C.W.C., in New York, to get the wheels turning. Since 1945, the Catholic Committee for Refugees has brought 4,367 refugee orphans to America from Europe, the Middle East, and Asia. Of this number, 132 have been Catholic Korean orphans who are "Eurasians" (i.e., having Korean mothers and American fathers). Because no country claims these children, they need even more help than ordinary orphans. This was the kind of child we wanted.

Eventually, the Catholic Welfare Bureau of the archdiocese of Los Angeles called us to go in and look at a dossier and picture of a Korean girl. There she was, a serious-looking, little waif, wrapped in an oversize overcoat. Did we want her? We took the question home to the children and watched their scandalized faces as they gathered the fact that you could look at the face of a child in need and then reject him. We all grew up a bit that night.

We began to think a little more now about the \$400 cost of Meira's transportation and visa. This problem didn't last long, however, for some of our friends gave us small gifts and the Christian Family Movement held a small dance that netted \$225.

Of more concern to us was the McCarran-Walter Immigra-

tion Act, the parts of it that we feel are inequitable. Under the act, Oriental orphans under the age of fourteen are allowed into the United States for adoption on a non-quota basis. But this special provision expires each year on June 30. So far, each year it has been renewed, but there is never any assurance beforehand that it is going to be. The temporary nature of the orphan legislation means that welfare agencies cannot set up a long-range, international, adoption program.

In our case, as the spring of 1960 gave way to summer and Meira still had not received her visa, we began to panic. After months of waiting, we might lose her (we had long since considered her a part of the family) to a legal deadline. On June 30, we couldn't stand the suspense any longer. Dan cabled the American Consulate in Seoul. That same day we received a call telling us that Meira would land at Los Angeles International Airport on July 2.

At 5:50 A.M. on that morning we gained a daughter, a little girl without even a sweater, clutching a paper bag, and wearing a tag saying, "Assigned to Dan and Rose Lucey, Canoga Park, California, U.S.A." "Good luck," said the stewardess, as she handed the frightened child to Dan.

We put Meira into one of our five bedrooms with Crista, the baby. Because Meira herself was so small, there was a temptation through the household to treat her as a baby. But we quickly realized this wouldn't do her any good. The new school year came around soon, and we enrolled Meira in first grade at our parochial school. Aside from sitting on the classroom floor a few times, she quickly became a school regular; almost everyone in the school now knows and loves Meira. The Sisters have taken special pains to help her with arithmetic. Learning catechism in a new language has been hard enough for Meira, but the concept of figures escaped her for a long time.

After a few months, we all thought that Meira had forgotten about Korea. She seemed absorbed in her new life and never even referred to anything Korean. Then it was Christmas and, of course, she recognized the Baby Jesus in our crib. One day, I began to play "Silent Night" on the piano. She rushed over and with great glee sang a whole verse in Korean. I cried a little as I hugged her.

The reaction of our friends and neighbors has been one of the significant things about the adoption of Meira. Some are still a little skeptical, but most have been very enthusiastic. In fact, this enthusiasm has itself caused problems. We began to notice that old friends, who knew all our children well, would come in and make a big fuss over Meira and ignore the other children. This hurt them, naturally, and Dan and I have had to diplomatically draw our guests' attention to the eight *other* children.

Many people wonder why orphans from abroad should be taken into American homes when there are many adoptable children in orphanages in this country. Well, in the normal course of events, a family such as ours would never adopt an American child. But when you meet such a challenge as the Korean problem and see how great the need is, you want to do something special. At St. Paul's Orphanage in Seoul, where Meira stayed while waiting for her visa, there are 160 children waiting for someone to adopt them, so that they in turn can make way for more children who at present live on the streets.

The adoption was completed in court last month and Meira Lucey is now ours. In the little while we have known her, she has taught us so much about life and the meaning of charity. I often think back to the day she arrived. She retreated a little from the effusive greetings of the grown children, preferring to take the hand of eighteen-month-old Crista and go off with her, as if she were used to caring for, and associating with, little ones. Meira wanted to look after someone.

# Land Reform: THIS IS WHAT IT MEANS

**IN LATIN AMERICA**, too few people own too much land. This is the crisis of the continent. For the effect of an unjust distribution of wealth is that a hundred million workers and their families—more than half of Latin America's population—lack enough to eat and enough to wear. Worst of all, they lack the chance to better themselves. Each year the problem gets worse. In a decade, the population has grown 45 per cent, but food production only 32 per cent. In the next fifteen years, the labor force will increase by sixty-five million, but at the current rate of expansion, the economy will absorb only one-fifth of them. Everyone proclaims land reform as the solution. But there is little agreement on the means to this end, or even on the definition of the term. The landless worker wants a few acres, obtained by carving up the estate on which he lives and works, to grow enough food for his family. The landowner protests that this would ruin the economy, because the worker would produce only enough for himself, he argues, nothing for the cities or export. If he wants

land, give him government land in the undeveloped interior. But the government asks: Who will invest in the roads, railroads, social services, and such to make this program possible?

There the matter stands—while the rich get richer and the poor get poorer. It is no longer just the personal tragedy of each of the millions involved. Today it affects world order and our struggle to maintain our free institutions, for the only countries which have attacked the problem seriously, Mexico, Bolivia, and Cuba, have done so by the way of violence. And violence creates a fertile field for Communist subversion.

Land reform, however, does not need violence for a mother. It does need a sense of justice in the ruling groups, combined with the ability to create an economy giving each man the opportunity of ownership. The startling differences in a man's life and destiny a plot of land can bring are shown in the photos of two families on these pages. Misery is Gerardo Román's constant companion. But Fernando Correa walks in hope.



### **Slavery**

*Gerardo Román's home in Colombia is a bamboo and mud hut. Without land reform, he will never have much better*

### **Freedom**

*The very few Latin farmers like Fernando Correa who have a plot of land reflect the progress that comes from opportunity*







*Gerardo Román works for a neighboring farmer for a pittance to provide food for his family*



*His children, who do not go to school, play on the sacks which serve as their beds at night*

## **HIS LIFE IS CONSUMED IN A QUEST FOR FOOD**

■ Gerardo Román, a barefoot, illiterate worker who lives in a decaying village in the hills of Colombia, is a poignant symbol of the injustice of Latin American society. In all his thirty-eight years, he has never had a chance to go to school, to get a good job, to know the honest pride of a breadwinner whose family is cared for and secure. The possibility of obtaining even a few acres for cultivation is as remote from him as the moon. His life is a slavery to an economy he cannot understand, still less influence. Each day is a struggle for Gerardo Román and his wife Eloise, a strong, long-suffering, sad-faced woman—a struggle to fill seven hungry bellies. The five children do not go to school. Like their parents before them, they lack the clothes, the books, the place to study, the motivation. In this, they do not differ from the majority of Latin American rural children, a fact hard for Americans to grasp.

Even in this miserable existence, Gerardo Román is well off compared to many Latins. For over a year, he has had steady work at \$7 a week with a neighboring farmer. In his own yard, Román has been able to grow a few plantains, and he keeps two or three pigs and some chickens. In fact, they feel so "wealthy" from time to time that they begin saving for a better house.

Throughout Latin America, there are millions of Gerardo Románs—men attached to big estates, who give up to three days' unpaid labor each week to a

landlord, plus other services, in return for a few acres to grow the family's food. They sow and harvest by hand, as in biblical times, using little fertilizer, though the soil is worn out. Seed has degenerated and gives low yields. Pesticides to protect plants from diseases are unknown. Insects and rodents eat more of the stored crop than does the family. It is no wonder then that the mortality rate throughout the continent is disastrously high; in Brazil, for example, there are 160 infant deaths per 1,000 live births, in Chile 124—compared with twenty-seven in the United States. It is a rare case when the landless farm worker's income exceeds \$100 a year—thus Román's fortune.

The landless Latins have no way to voice their plight or even to take a minor step toward redressing it. Traditionally, they have no part in any decision-making process in the community. Their only social life outside immediate kinship groups is an occasional fiesta offering the relief of a drunken orgy. Bad liquor is cheap, but even a few cents for a bottle means a hungry family that week.

Population growth is adding to the social pressures in Latin America. There is no future for Gerardo Román's sons in their village. Soon, each must make his choice: to go down to the valley to work as a day laborer on an estate or to join a band of desperadoes high in the mountains and pursue a venturesome living by raids on isolated farms.



*An unending grind of outdoor washing is the lot of Román's wife, whose contacts with the world are few*



*Plantain, beans, and corn are staples of meager meals; when times are good, a scrap of meat is added*

*No furniture in her house and hardly a hope of a better life in her heart; just cares on her face and a prayer on her lips*

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■ By American standards, Fernando Correa has a long way to go. But in his own community, and in his own mind, he is on top of the world. He owns twenty acres of land and a decent home, just a few miles away from Gerardo Román (preceding pages). He and his wife can feed and clothe their family and look forward with some confidence to a future in which their eleven children will be launched on modest but adequate careers. There are all too few people like the Correas in Latin America, but the reasons for this situation have nothing to do with a lack of land. In this Colombian region as a whole, only a small fraction of the usable area is intensively cultivated, and as a rule, abundant idle or underutilized lands lie within easy reach of those who need them.

Dividing up the continent into twenty-acre units would not, however, turn Latin America into a paradise of Correas. Fernando and his wife began with advantages which are even harder to acquire than a small farm. They had the benefit of a capital investment in the form of buildings, livestock, tools, fruit trees, and seed; but more, they had the basic education needed to operate the farm and organize their lives rationally.

Education is probably the thing hardest to come by in the Latin American countryside. More than half the school-age children are not in any school. Many others go to dilapidated schools taught by ill-qualified teachers. There are even teachers who themselves have had only one year of primary schooling. Worst of all, the pupils seldom break through to a meaningful literacy. Lacking opportunity in their hovels to use either the theoretical or practical knowledge imparted at school, they quickly forget what little they were taught. By the time they marry and raise families, they have nothing left to pass on to their own children. Therein lies the true vicious circle.

The big asset of the Correas is that they succeeded in surmounting this obstacle to advancement. Not only did both parents have five years of primary schooling, but Mrs. Correa spent some time teaching. With tables, chairs, and electric light in the home, the children can study, and the mother knows how to supervise. The radio and an occasional newspaper stimulate interest and make the effort meaningful. The result is that the children are not only completing grade school but are intellectually and emotionally equipped to continue. Gonzalo, fourteen, is studying to be a mechanic. Virginia, thirteen, is just starting high school and plans to be a teacher. The \$3 monthly tuition is hard to come by, but even if they must continue to go to school barefoot, they are determined to go.

There are many in Latin America with the drive and determination of the Correas. The trouble is that few of them have the opportunity for constructive expression of their ambitions. Hence the smoldering volcano which every day rumbles more ominously.

## OWNING LAND

### HAS BROUGHT HIM SELF-RELIANCE





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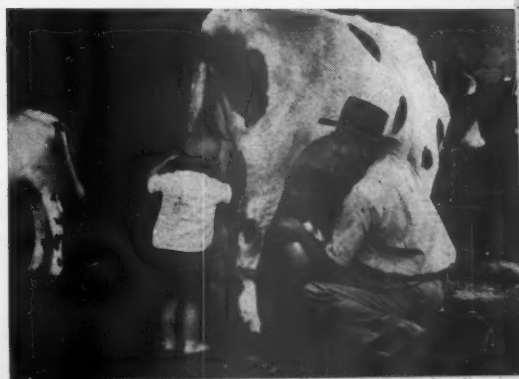
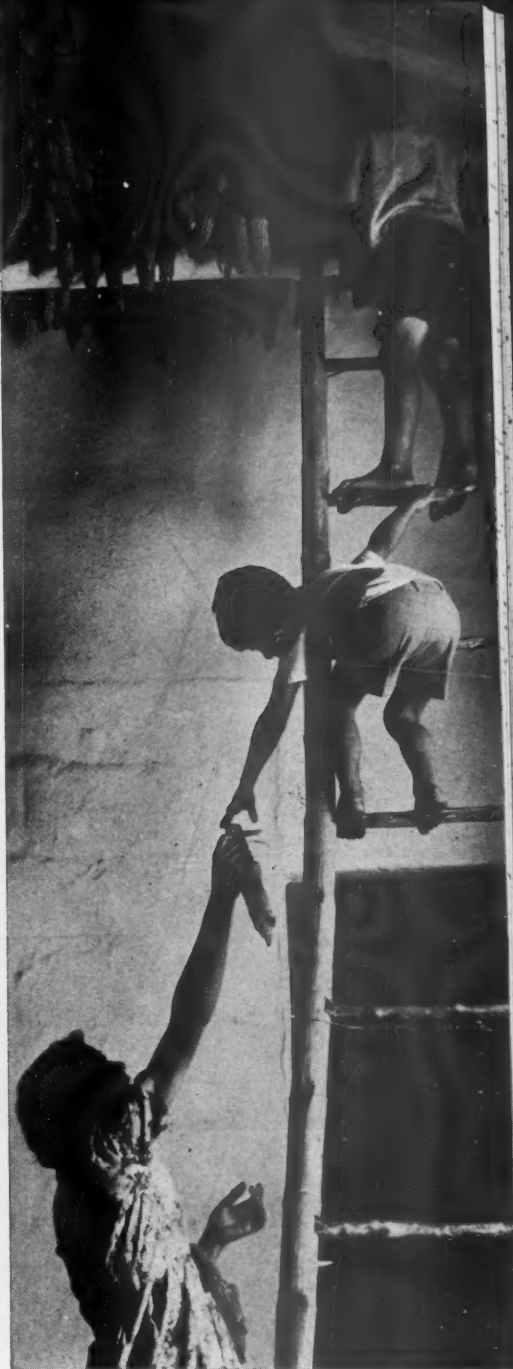


*Left, Fernando Correa's children go to school and also learn to pick coffee berries*

*Banana trees shade the coffee and yield a valuable source of income when fruit is ripe*

*Upper right, the Correa children store corn on rafters in their freshly painted home*

*Correa's cow is treasured, for a regular supply of milk is a benefit enjoyed by few*





### **Family Life**

*The Correas are proud of their home, which is a congenial place for work and study and for those precious moments that unite a family\**

### **Information**

*The Correas attend Mass regularly, with Mrs. Correa a member of Catholic Action. They enjoy music on their radio and news broadcasts on world events*

### **A Future**

*The Correa children enjoy a healthy outdoor lunch. Their parents insist that they go to school so they will be raised to a level that fears not hunger*



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■ "Nothing, absolutely nothing, is so urgent as an improvement of the rural population's standard of living, an improvement which includes a more equitable distribution of the land." This warning about Latin America was made to *THE SIGN* (February, 1961) by Bishop Manuel Larrain, of Talca, Chile, first vice-president of the Bishop's Committee of Latin America.

The Gerardo Románs cry out their agreement. The Fernando Correás illustrate the social and human benefits that can result when a man has the chance to climb to the goal he dreams of. The obstacles in the way of land reform, however, are tremendous. The few who own the land still control much of the government machinery. And they are unwilling to lose even a particle of their vast wealth or their arbitrary power over the workers. Even when this problem is resolved, as it must be, the worst still re-

mains. A way must be found to break out of the vicious circle of illiteracy. And capital far beyond the capacities of underdeveloped countries must be invested in order to create viable family farms. This includes area costs, roads, water, electricity, and the individual costs of homes, farm buildings, machinery, seeds, fertilizers, and working capital.

As President Kennedy proclaimed in his "Alliance for Progress" call to Latin America, fate, providence, and geography compel us to play a major part in solving this problem. Charity and self-interest combine to urge us to end the desperation which produces endemic violence in many countries (a quarter of a million killings in Colombia since 1948) and makes possible a Communist beachhead less than a hundred miles from our coast. The President calculates ten years for the job. Let us hope that we have that much time.

TEXT BY GARY MacEOIN: PHOTOS BY ED LETTAU



# BARRY GOLDWATER EXAMINED

Wave of the future or great leap backward? Goldwater's friends cheer his ringing appeals for America's return to self-reliance and personal responsibility. Foes protest his political manifestoes will push us back to the socially irresponsible days of the nineteenth century

BY MILTON LOMASK



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WHEN, SOME MONTHS AGO, a national magazine revealed that Barry Morris Goldwater was the owner of a sports car "souped up" with airplane devices, his Washington office was besieged with letters from outraged citizens asking how the junior senator from Arizona reconciled his well-known conservative views with possession of what amounted to a hot-rod's dream.

The incident underscores a couple of points, concerning which nearly all observers of the fifty-two-year-old Republican are prone to agree.

One is that in the course of the events which have made Goldwater the leader of the right wing of his party, he has done a remarkable job of obliterating the long-held image of a conservative as a cross between a plutocrat and the dodo bird.

The other is that what might be called the Goldwater "boom" has reached such proportions that everything he says or does tends to trigger a public reaction.

Add to these points the assertion, frequently encountered in the press, that Goldwater's appeal appears to be especially strong among Catholics—and it is plain that the Senator, his views, and his political prospects are subjects of compelling interest.

"Plutocrat" is hardly the word for him. Anyone who uses it must reckon with the progressive working conditions in the Arizona department-store chain of which he is a one-third owner: 37½-hour week, liberal profit-sharing plan, company-paid life and health insurance, and "good" wages. "Dodo bird" won't wash, because in his way of life the Senator is as "modern" as the jet aircraft he pilots in his spare time, as the equipment in the darkrooms where he puts the finishing touches on his photographs of Southwestern Indian life, as the home which he has recently built near Phoenix and which, like the sports car he no longer owns, is a gadgeteer's delight.

● Anything but a stuffed shirt, Goldwater is famous for his ability to laugh at himself, equally famous for some of his own contributions to the gaiety of nations. He relishes in retrospect the quip of Senator Hubert Humphrey that, as a lean six-footer with ruggedly handsome features and silver hair, Goldwater should have no trouble getting a movie contract with "Eighteenth-Century Fox." And when, during the presidential campaign, he was informed that Democratic speakers were saying that fifteen million Americans (*sic*) were going to bed hungry every night, his comment was "They must be living on Metrecal."

Since 1952, when Goldwater entered the United States Senate, where he is now serving his second term, he has been expounding his political credo with a candor that has proved irresistible to gagsters and name-callers. He has been termed "labor's public enemy number one," "a political phony," "a pre-Silurian . . . slightly to the right of Charlemagne," and, since the accession of the New Frontier, "an unreconstructed Old Frontiersman."

I would suggest, by way of embarking on a discussion of his social and political philosophy, that both the Senator's

extreme-liberal critics and his extreme-conservative followers are guilty of the same fallacy.

The liberal fallacy is exemplified in a recent magazine article by that talented young playwright, Gore Vidal. Performing what is known in the journalistic trade as a "hatchet job" on Senator Goldwater, Vidal goes about his task in the spirit of a man convinced that every scrap of liberal legislation placed on the federal statute books since 1932 is sacrosanct. The impression left by Vidal's article is that Goldwater's attack on this legislation can be explained only by regarding him as an unread hillbilly from the empty (and empty-headed) West or as a slippery opportunist bent on subverting the Republic by running for president.

All this, of course, is hogwash. No thoughtful liberal would contend that all of the social legislation to which the Senator objects is perfect or, in some cases, even needful. Nor, I suspect, does any thoughtful liberal resent the presence on the political scene of an articulate and attractive spokesman for conservatism whose dissent from the majority view adds sharpness to the dialogue essential to the democratic process. As for Goldwater's eyeing the White House—that crime has been perpetrated by better men than he.

● The conservative fallacy is exemplified by a close friend of mine, a middle-aged widow, attractive, gracious, and devoutly Catholic. When this lady invites you to her home, she greets you with a cocktail in one hand and a paper-bound copy of Barry Goldwater's *The Conscience of a Conservative* in the other. She buys the Senator's book by the gross and never lets a week go by without hopefully mailing off half a dozen copies of it to unreconstructed liberal friends. It is her belief, a belief that seems to be prevalent among the Senator's devotees, that for those seeking solutions to the social and economic problems of our time Goldwater's *Conscience* offers the last word.

That it doesn't is suggested by a glance at some of its leading propositions.

Running through the book is a call for us to return to something Goldwater calls "the free market." Aside from some vague remarks about the laws of supply and demand, the Senator does not specify exactly what this free market is. Presumably he has reference to that period between the Civil War and World War I when our economy operated on survival-of-the-fittest tenets of laissez-faire capitalism.

If this be the free market the Senator has in mind, heaven deliver us from his economic policies. As any student of social history can tell you, that market was as free as a bird with a broken wing. It was regulated from within by price-fixing and sundry other instrumentalities of monopoly capitalism. It was regulated from above as a result of the constant effort of the business community to extract from the federal government legislation favorable to its interests.

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Last but not least, it bore on its back a superstructure of financial speculation so wild and woolly—and unregulated—that the laws of supply and demand were lost in the shuffle.

Those bewitched by the Senator's sentimental nostalgia for this free market are urged to consider the revealing indictment of it to be found in those magnificent but widely unread documents known as the Papal Social Encyclicals. The Holy Fathers do not have the Senator's glib style, but they have a much better grasp of history and economics.

In his book, Goldwater highlights his now familiar ideas on foreign policy. He favors a "hard line" in the Cold War. Specifically, he would withdraw recognition from Soviet Russia and ring Cuba with an economic and possibly a military blockade.

Several Catholic sociologists, asked to comment on these ideas, criticize them on three grounds. They are irresponsible, in that they come close to advocating preventive war. They are misleading, in that they oversimplify the complex problems involved. They are morally indefensible, because, in the words of one of the authorities consulted, "the Senator's almost total opposition to extending economic aid to the poor and the unfortunate of other countries runs counter to the great law of charity which commands nations, as well as men, to be their brothers' keepers."

"Goldwater's 'hard line,'" says this same authority, "has all the earmarks of the Maginot Line. He is suggesting that we can win the Cold War by withdrawing into a little shell of isolationism and selfishness. Far from winning anything that way, I suspect that we would end up losing both our shirts and our souls. No one can argue with Goldwater's stress on the virtue of individual responsibility, but there is a difference between individual responsibility in the interests of one's personal comfort and individual responsibility in the interests of the common good. As a great and powerful nation, singularly possessed of the blessings of God, our responsibilities for the common good do not end with our boundaries; they encompass the world."

No section of the Senator's book has commanded more attention than his view that many of the social programs now sponsored by the federal government are outside of its "constitutional mandate." The Senator's reference point here is the Tenth Amendment to the Constitution, which asserts that those powers not specifically delegated to the federal government are to be exercised only by the states or by the people. As the Senator reads this amendment, it prohibits the federal government from intervening (as it is now doing directly or indirectly) in such fields as social welfare, education, public power, agriculture, public housing, and urban renewal.

● Traditionally, of course, the executive branch of the government is obliged to execute all laws passed by Congress until such time as those laws are declared unconstitutional by the Supreme Court. To date, the Court has not seen fit to go along with Goldwater's constitutional objections to the federal welfare programs. This, however, does not mean that the Senator's reasoning should be taken lightly. The validity of his objections is open to argument, but not the principle behind them. He is on sound ground in asserting that in pursuing our ends, however worthy, we should avoid bypassing the Constitution lest we weaken that instrument to the point where it ceases to be the bulwark of our freedoms.

The Senator's constitutionalism prompts him to some odd twists and turns in connection with the Supreme Court's ban on segregation in the public schools. In a thin, little volume that skips lightly over many grave problems, he devotes no less than eight paragraphs to a technical quibble over the meaning of the term "civil rights."

A Negro lad, Goldwater says in effect, may have a "natural" or "human" right to go to the same school as a white lad—but he does not have a "civil" right because a civil right is one embedded in the basic law and no such right is specified in the federal Constitution. Asserting in his





book that personally he favors integration, Goldwater then suggests that the problem be got around by adding to the Constitution an amendment reaffirming "the states' exclusive jurisdiction in the field of education."

Such an amendment, of course, would fasten public-school segregation on sections of the country for some time to come—and in a recent talk with this reporter, the Senator conceded as much. Describing himself as "unalterably opposed to segregation on principle," he now says that he would be "inclined to go along" with an amendment that, instead of killing the integration movement, would fortify it by forbidding the States to deny access to their tax-supported educational facilities on the grounds of race. Perhaps if the Senator sticks to his constitutional guns, he will yet needle the country into some such amendment—plus others designed to anchor our welfare programs—and thus go down in history, that mother of ironies, as the savior of the New Deal and the New Frontier.

Sensitive to the charge that conservatives tend to be "just plain agin-ners," Goldwater has recently issued two so-called manifestoes embodying specific proposals to implement his ideas.

These manifestoes are startling, suggesting as they do that, to an extent seemingly unnoticed by many of Goldwater's followers, their idol is slipping his conservative moorings.

In his book, Goldwater pits himself against all federal welfare programs. He does not suggest that they be abandoned overnight. He does suggest that, by some orderly and gradual process, all such programs be taken away from the federal government and turned back to the states where, according to his constitutional lights, they belong.

In his manifestoes, Goldwater not only accepts all present welfare programs as *fait accompli* but even holds the door open for additional programs provided they do not call for tax increases or deficit spending and provided that it can be clearly shown that they are necessary and that the states cannot handle them.

The Senator's remarks on labor provide even greater evidence of the growing gap between Goldwater-the-political-theorist and Goldwater-the-political-strategist.

In his book, the Senator expresses concern over what he calls the "excessive power" of organized labor. As a corrective he suggests, among other things, elimination of the union shop and of industrywide bargaining—actions which, according to the Catholic sociologists previously mentioned, would leave the unions defenseless against the powerful corporations with which they must deal.

In his manifestoes, Goldwater has nothing to say about the union shop or industrywide bargaining. Instead, he confines himself to five mild little proposals, mostly aimed at democratizing unions by protecting their members against political coercion from their leaders and by prohibiting the unions themselves from excluding qualified workers from their membership rolls.

To put all this another way: In *The Conscience of a Conservative*, Barry Goldwater emerges as the bogey of organized labor; in his manifestoes, he emerges as the champion of the rank-and-file!

● What all this proves, other than that wonders will never cease, is hard to say. Some political commentators find in the manifestoes indications that Goldwater is beginning to think like a presidential candidate. Others, some Catholic observers among them, see nothing in the manifestoes but the hand of the practical politician. Goldwater has long since evidenced his realization that his ultimate goals call for such a drastic revision of legislative trends that his only hope of achieving them is to proceed on a piecemeal basis. That he asks, in his manifestoes, only for an inch is no guarantee that he doesn't still have his eye on the mile.

The Senator himself denies that there has been any essential "softening" in his position. "As regards my views on labor," he says, "even now we—meaning some of the other conservatives of the party and myself—are pre-



Hobbyist Goldwater and his wife, Peggy

(Left) A jet pilot, the Senator is fascinated by aircraft



(Right) "Interesting" chat with fellow conservative William F. Knowland

paring a paper covering nineteen points. Quite likely, those who regard the labor suggestions in my book as drastic will regard the forthcoming paper in the same way. It does not call for a national right-to-work law, since that would be a case of the federal government assuming prerogatives which belong to the states. It does call for alterations in our present national labor law designed to abolish the compulsory union shop and to place a curb on industrywide bargaining."

● However one may disagree with Goldwater's notions—and most of the Catholic authorities consulted viewed them as "museum pieces"—it is a rare man who is not struck by the Senator's upright character and engaging personality. He has an amazing capacity for keeping his political life separate from his personal. He gets along well with such public figures as Senator Humphrey and Labor Secretary Arthur Goldberg, both of whom hold views almost diametrically opposed to his own.

Not long ago the country was audience to a cat fight between the Senator and Walter Reuther, president of the United Automobile Workers, in the course of which both men laid tongue to unifying remarks about the other. When it was all over, the Senator shrugged and admitted privately that he had said some things he hadn't quite meant. Reuther remained sore.

The Senator comes honestly by his breezy charm and open manner. He belongs to an American pioneer family that goes back on the paternal side to 1852, when his grandfather Michael, a Russian-born Jew, arrived in the Far West to engage in selling goods in the gold-rush mining camps. In 1895, Baron Goldwater, Michael's son and the Senator's father, established in Phoenix what is now headquarters of the Goldwater's four-store retail chain.

Baron's marriage in 1907 was to Josephine Williams, herself a descendant of a pioneer strain going back to the Roger Williams. The Senator's mother is now an energetic elderly lady, whose refusal to reveal her age is embarrassing to the Senator's assistants, beleaguered by the press for every possible bit of information about a man who, next to the President, has become the most talked-about politician in America. An Episcopalian, Mrs. Goldwater reared her three children in that religion.

Barry grew up in Phoenix, got his high-school education at a Virginia military academy, and spent one year at the University of Arizona, leaving school in 1928 because of his father's death and going to work in the stores. In 1934 he was married to Peggy Johnson, an Indiana industrial heiress (they have three children), and during the war he served as a pilot in the ferry command and is now a brigadier general in the United States Air Force Reserve.

After the war he drifted into politics. After two terms on the Phoenix city council and a spell as manager of a Republican friend's successful gubernatorial campaign, he ran for—and won—a seat in the United States Senate, to which he was easily re-elected in 1958.

High point of his career came in 1960 at the national convention of his party where, his name having been put in nomination, he capably refused to put conservatism to the test and took advantage of the glare of publicity surrounding his speech of withdrawal to proclaim his intention of winning the Republican party "back" to conservatism, climaxing his remarks with a ringing challenge to his supporters: "Let's get to work."

At that moment Goldwater took over the Republican right; and at that moment, his boom was born.

It has been roaring along ever since. His mail, 70 per cent of it coming from outside his state, averages close to 2,000 pieces a week, and requests for his services as a

speaker roll in at the rate of about twenty-five per day. Since 1959, he has been authorizing a three-times-a-week newspaper column. Appearing first in the *Los Angeles Mirror*, the column is now syndicated by eighty newspapers. Among them is the *Atlanta Constitution*, and when the contract was signed, the publisher of that liberal journal, mindful of the letter-writing proclivities of his readers, joshed, "I guess we can take it, if Goldwater can."

The most closely watched aspect of the Goldwater boom is his love affair with American college students. During the last eight years, thanks largely to Goldwater, campuses the country over have witnessed the emergence of conservative student groups. Many now adhere to two national bodies, the ISI (Intercollegiate Society of Individualists) and the YAF (Young Americans for Freedom).

A prominent Catholic educator has said that among Catholic-college students Goldwater is presently "in greater demand as a speaker than any other person in the United States." This may be true of some Catholic institutions, but the Senator's invitation file indicates that it is not true of such institutions as a whole.

During a recent four-month period, Goldwater received invitations to speak from 163 college-associated groups, most of them student organizations. Of these groups, only fourteen were connected with Catholic campuses. In other words, whereas Catholic colleges account for about 14 per cent of all American colleges, invitations to Goldwater from such sources account for only about 11 per cent of the invitations he receives from all schools. The most interesting item culled from the Senator's file is that he is wooing the Catholics. During the four-month period, he turned down eighty-nine invitations from non-Catholic institutions and accepted seventy; turned down only four of the Catholic bids and accepted ten.

These figures are too trifling to mean much, but there are many other indications that Goldwater is strenuously courting Catholic support. One of his manifestoes contains copious extracts from the last annual statement by the bishops. It also contains a sentence patently designed to flatter the prejudices of those so-called Catholic exclusionists who tend to think of themselves as a somewhat separate and put-upon element of the American social structure.

● It goes without saying that any attempt to "sum up" Goldwater now would be fruitless, since he is a going concern. Where he is going and just how many people are going with him, these are matters about which speculation seems fruitless for the time being. Most observers, taking note of his boom, believe that, come 1964, the leaders of his party will think twice before selecting a nominee whose views are not acceptable to the senator from Arizona.

As to whether the Senator himself will be his party's standard-bearer, there the oracles-of-things-to-come speak most unclearly. The Senator himself has said that his personal political plans "begin and end" with the 1962 congressional elections, a wait-and-see attitude characteristic of Goldwater-the-working-politician.

As to what sort of chief executive Mr. Conservative would make—that, to be sure, calls for the most remote sort of speculation. Worthy of repetition, certainly, is the comment of an eminent Catholic student of the social scene.

"I believe," he says, "that we could live with Goldwater's domestic views for the reason that I don't believe the American people would permit any serious tampering with the hard-earned social reforms of the last three decades. His foreign policies are another kettle of fish. If Goldwater is serious about those, we should have to brace ourselves for trouble should the American people make the mistake of elevating the Senator to a position of national responsibility."



Scene from American Shakespeare Festival's production of "Macbeth"

# Stage and Screen

BY JERRY COTTER

## ★ The Summer Bard

In less than a decade, the American Shakespeare Festival has become an established theater institution. Now in a seventh successful season at Stratford, Connecticut, the group has performed for thousands of summer playgoers and brought an added dimension to the English lit courses for tremendous numbers of high school and college students.

This season, the resident company includes Jessica Tandy, Pat Hingle, Kim Hunter, Donald Harron, Richard Waring, James Ray, and Donald Davis. The three-play repertory includes a comedy-romance, *As You Like It*; the greatest of the Bard's tragedies, *Macbeth*; and *Troilus and Cressida*, a comedy not often presented professionally.

A more substantial fare than that offered by most summer, or winter, playhouses, this is recommended as a splendid example of playmaking, with special appeal for students.

## ★ The New Plays

A CALL ON KUPRIN is a timely, though not particularly impressive, melodrama by Jerome Lawrence and Robert E. Lee, the playwrights who fashioned *Inherit the Wind* from

the remnants of the Scopes evolution trial. Now they are involved in the morality and philosophy of the space age, specifically why a Soviet nuclear scientist does not defect to the free world. His theory is that science has potentialities for peace as well as war. The arguments on both sides, as an American reporter attempts to persuade him, are slick and superficial. Neither position ever accomplishes more than to skim the surface of the world's gravest problem, but there are moments in which action and suspense predominate. These do compensate for the labored propaganda of the balance. Jeffrey Lynn and George Voskovec, as the vocal gladiators, Eugenie Leontovich, as an aged Muscovite who believes the Czar is still in power, and Lydia Bruce, as a dedicated young lady who trades politics for love, are convincing. We wish that the thesis they interpret had more vigor and vitality.

MANDINGO is a thing written by Jack Kirkland, who made a mint out of blasphemy and sex in *Tobacco Road*. Either the money is gone or Kirkland felt that the time was ripe for a shocker to outdistance Tennessee Williams. In any event, he is back with a raucous assault about a slave-breeding farm in the Alabama of 1832, presided over by a rheumatic nut who cherishes corn likker, white su-



premacry, and carefully bred slaves, in that order. As played by Franchot Tone, this depraved squire is thoroughly convincing and completely revolting. So is the story, which runs the gamut from perversion, incest, and miscegenation, to brutality and sadism. This is an ugly play, based on a lurid, paperback novel, which never rises above the level of the pornographic.

Jean Genet's **THE BLACKS** is a fervent, antiwhite tirade which has aroused the enthusiasm of the inner-circle intellectuals from Paris to the remains of the *avant garde* set in Greenwich Village. Controversialist Genet indulges in a chaotic symbolism in which the law, the Church, and all vested authority are judged guilty of tyranny and the exploitation of the Negro. The harangue makes full use of blasphemy and obscenity in attempting to sensationalize an issue. The values are questionable, for this was penned in hatred, and there is an obvious effort to stir up antagonisms at a time when the need for understanding never has been greater.

### ★ Reviews in Brief

**NIKKI, WILD DOG OF THE NORTH** is the latest in the Walt Disney True-Life Adventure series. It is based on the James Oliver Curwood novel *Nomads of the North* and is the first Technicolor picture made in Canada with an exclusively Canadian cast and production crew. Nikki is a Malemute pup, separated from his master when their canoe overturns during a trip down a dangerous rapids. Before their reunion, the Malemute has some fantastic wilderness adventures, and the audience is treated to a suspenseful, unusual, and awesome spectacle. Jean Coutu is in good form as a trapper of the Canadian Rockies, and there are some lively French-Canadian melodies to provide a contrast in this impressive example of what can be done in making superior adventure-movies north of the border. (Buena Vista)

Lest the title **SNOW WHITE AND THE THREE STOOGES** keep you at arm's length, it is pleasant to report that this is a disarming, whimsical, and imaginative musical *pastiche*. Accepted as pure fairyland capering, it is relaxing and amusing most of the time, with a minimum intrusion by TV's wrinkled delinquents, the Three Stooges. They are cast as traveling mountebanks who become involved in the romance and dangers of Prince Charming and Snow White. Visually and musically, this is a delightful package, with Olympic skating champion Carol Heiss, a pretty and talented newcomer to the screen, Edson Stroll, Patricia Medina, Guy Rolfe, and Buddy Baer all in the best storybook tradition. Primarily for the grammar-school set, this is a surprise treat for their sated elders as well. (20th Century-Fox)

Jerry Lewis scampers fitfully through another of his zany escapades, this time under the title of **THE LADIES MAN**. It offers him as a shy boy who is deathly afraid of girls. He takes a job as houseboy in a private mansion, only to discover, too late, that it is a residence club for working girls. The rest is predictable, and humorous perhaps, if you are a Lewis admirer. Helen Traubel, Harry James, George Raft, and Art Baker are a few who aid the cause, though not enough to make this more than lightweight Lewis farce. (Paramount)

**MAN IN THE MOON** is a prime example of British spoofing technique, a timely slapstick aimed at astronaut training. Kenneth More is starred as a medical guinea pig



French-Canadian Jean Coutu with Malemute "wonder dog" in "Nikki, Wild Dog of the North"



Edson Stroll is Carol Heiss' Prince Charming in "Snow White and the Three Stooges"

working at a cold research center. Unfortunately, he is of such equable disposition that he is apparently immune to colds. He is transferred to the Atomic Research Center, where he is trained for a flight to the moon. Satirizing the various aspects of the moon-flight preparation, this has some hilarious moments and a generally amiable air as it pokes fun at the space age. More is ideally suited to his bland role, and there are competent contributions by Shirley Anne Field, Bruce Boa, and Charles Gray in this artful lark. (Rank)

The current vogue for rehashing Jules Verne-style science fiction pays off handsomely in **VOYAGE TO THE BOTTOM OF THE SEA**, a thriller with a timely plot. Walter Pidgeon is cast as a scientist who has designed and built a gigantic atomic sub, which he is guiding on its maiden voyage under the polar ice cap. The sub surfaces to discover that the entire sky is aflame and the temperature has reached 135 degrees. Contacting Washington, he is told that the Van Allen Belt of Radiation which encircles the earth is afire and the world is in imminent danger of destruction. The sub returns to New York and then to a tense and credible undersea mission which solves the earthlings' dilemma. The technical effects are excellent and the performances convincing in this chiller. Joan Fontaine, Peter Lorre, Barbara Eden, Regis Toomey, Robert Sterling, Michael Ansara, and a fortunately non-singing Frankie Avalon make up the cast. (20th Century-Fox)

### ★ Censorship

The question of what, where, when, why, and by whom is being debated endlessly these days in regard to motion-picture censorship. It would be difficult to find anyone of adult mentality who is in favor of censoring movies. On the other hand, it is almost impossible to locate anyone who feels that today's movies are not censorable.

Even in those cases of quite obvious default on the part of the moviemakers, it is evident that censorship is not the answer. Classification? Possibly, but by whom? Obviously also, not everyone is going to be satisfied by a solution to what has become a pressing problem for the industry and an urgent one for the public.

Self-regulation, as under the Production Code, is the only sensible answer to a vexing and unhappy situation. If what remains of the motion picture industry is anxious to restrain the extremists who would clamp a political censorship on what is basically an art form, they must curb their own excesses first. It is not enough to say that there should be freedom of expression. Without responsibility, and intelligent restraint, the word "freedom" is meaningless, perhaps even dangerous.

In recent months we've had a rash of movies in which prostitutes are glamorized, violence has become a mania, and psychopathic studies are presented in an atmosphere of highly confused moral values. We've had the annual "Oscar" race, in which a majority of the entries fell far short of minimum moral standards. There are those who say it is being alarmist to point out these facts; that we should instead concentrate on the finer aspects of movie-making.

We dissent. In two decades of reviewing motion pictures and plays, we have never failed to urge support of better entertainment, and we shall continue to do so. However, as a friend in the theater recently asked this reviewer: "What has happened (insofar as Catholic reviewing is concerned) to 'Lead us not into temptation'?"

It is one thing to appreciate the artistic quality of a film, but it would appear to be the function of a Catholic critic

to point up the flaws in many movies hailed enthusiastically as "great art." True art cannot be immoral, but there seems to be confusion on the point. Where is the recognition of the fact that a movie can be spiritually enriching without being a great artistic effort? Also, where is the admission that a film highly touted by the esoteric few can be dangerous, moral dynamite for the many?

Let's face the issue!

### ★ Quotable

"There is still evidence in our nation of a disparaging and mercenary attitude on the part of a small group of opportunists in the advertising and entertainment fields who are weakening the moral fiber of American youth. Our youth are literally bombarded with vulgar newspaper advertising in some newspapers. Movies all too often make good on the provocative promises of these advertisements, and profanity and obscenity are the main ingredients of more and more screen offerings. We can also see the same results of this degeneration on our television screens." J. Edgar Hoover in testimony before a House Appropriations Subcommittee.

Monsignor Thomas F. Little, executive secretary of the National Legion of Decency: "Are we suggesting that every film must be suitable for the youngest theatergoer? Hardly that, for every reasonable person will encourage the motion picture industry to provide us with mature, worthwhile adult entertainment. What we are suggesting, however, is that there are more and more films today which only an irresponsible parent will permit minors to view. There also are some films today that even a mature adult should recognize as being socially disruptive and morally corrosive."

"There is no doubt that last year (1960), though the vast majority of pictures were unobjectionable, there were more pictures than ever that should not have been seen by children under sixteen unless accompanied by adults." Geoffrey Shurlock in the *New York Times*.



Underwater adventures abound in the latest science-fiction movie, "Voyage to the Bottom of the Sea."

● In little Finland, which shares a 788-mile border with the Soviet Union, it takes an exceptional man to be a professed anti-Communist. Such a man is Kari Suomalainen, a shy, gangling cartoonist who once enraged none other than Nikita Khrushchev.

Suomalainen, thirty-nine, is the cartoonist for the liberal, independent, Helsinki *Sanomat*, Finland's largest daily newspaper (circulation 275,000). He is best known as Kari.

The cartoon that annoyed the Soviet leader and catapulted Kari into international prominence appeared in the fall of 1958. It showed Khrushchev in a Volga River barge, being pulled by East European satellite slaves, while he points a taunting finger at President Eisenhower and Prime Minister Macmillan and shouts, "Shame on You, Imperialists."

The cartoon was widely reprinted. It showed up on posters in Britain during Macmillan's visit to Moscow, and it circulated in New York. A committee representing the "captive nations" tried to have an enlargement of the cartoon included in a mural display at the United Nations building.

When Finnish President Urho Kekkonen visited Moscow, Khrushchev blasted the "irresponsible Finnish press," meaning Kari, of course. The president, on his return to Finland, attacked the press, particularly cartoonists, for endangering relations with neighboring Russia.

Kari put the tempest into perspective the very next day and also brought smiles to the people of Finland. His cartoon showed himself drawing a bandy-legged dove of peace while President Kekkonen looked sternly down over the slogan, "Big Brother is watching You."

Despite the controversy, Kari is not a thoughtless agitator. Rather, he is a quiet, studious man, whose head is a storehouse of ideas, many of them gathered during his daily, two-hour walk through the streets of his beloved Helsinki. "It may take a couple of years after I get an idea before I can use it," he says.

In the psychological struggle in the world today, Kari sees a great mission for cartoons in conveying ideas. "The political cartoon," he maintains, "is a tactical weapon." Kari believes that a cartoonist, or anybody else for that matter, should understand the system that he is trying to defend. It is easier, he admits, to define Communism, but the confusion among those who attempt to define democracy is due to a disregard for man's divine origin. "People lose track of the purpose of life."

A few years ago, he drew a cartoon



Finnish cartoonist Kari Suomalainen

## WITH BARBS AND TAUNTS

BY LAUCHIE CHISHOLM

of a Helsinki street, crowded with Christmas shoppers. Shoved off the sidewalk in the crush and ignored by the passers-by was the figure of Christ. Kari captioned the cartoon, "An Uninvited Guest at a Birthday Party." So impressed was the State Church that it had thousands of reprints posted on buses, billboards, halls, and churches.

On another occasion, a panel of the most eminent scholars in Finland appeared on television to question, "Does God Exist?" The program aroused country-wide interest.

The next day, Kari pictured the panelists debating the question while held in the palm of God. His caption too was a cryptic, "Does God Exist?"

In 1958, Kari and his wife, Lilisi, became Catholics, joining fewer than 2,000 others in the smallest religious group in Finland.

If in disagreement with current trends or ideas within the Church, Kari expresses his displeasure by means of a

satiric barb. Not one, for instance, to favor all modern church art, Kari once pictured a modernistic church with the beaming pastor standing on the steps. Approaching the priest was a satanic-looking creature who had an abstract painting tucked under his arm. The caption read, "Do you need an altar painting?"

On other occasions, the timelessness of the Church evokes a sensitive response. Under a picture of church pillars casting long shadows in the afternoon sun, he put this caption, "The Church Should Not Follow Time—Time Should Follow the Church."

"It's an empirical world we live in," laments Kari. "Men have to be shown before they will believe or accept anything. It is a consequence of the disregard shown for metaphysics."

Sometimes, he feels, the democracies are little better than the Communist states in teaching the relative values. He put this idea in a cartoon that took the shape of two show windows.

In one window, capitalism offered an abundance of goods, mostly luxuries. Below it was the inscription, "Commodities Without Ideas." The Communist show window was austere, displaying only the portraits of Stalin and Lenin, furled flags, and the dove of peace. The caption read, "Ideas Without Commodities."

"When I started as a cartoonist in 1949, I just didn't know how," he explains in a low voice that accentuates his shyness. "I copied the styles of David Low, Giles, Vicky, Herblock, Peter Arno, anybody who could help me. But if I have any style today, it must be my own." Kari is a methodical worker, taking about three hours to complete a cartoon.

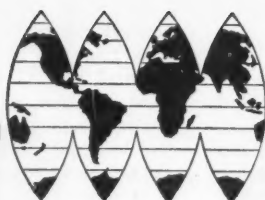
He watches bemused while the great powers compete for outer space. After Sputnik zoomed into space and the West looked on glumly as Russia strutted on the center stage, Kari offered his own view of the satellite show.

He pictured a well-padded football player, obviously American, holding a satellite under his arm. His coach, the U.S. professor, was saying, "Don't worry, we'll soon kick our own (sputnik) up."

The American way of life intrigues him. When the Russian rocket hit the moon, Kari pictured a man wearing an apron and surrounded by piles of dishes in a kitchen. The caption asked, "How can American men have time to send rockets to the moon, when they have to wash the dishes all day long?"

If people get annoyed at Kari, he is not disturbed. "I only try to make people think. They don't have to agree with me."





Editorials in Pictures and Print

# CURRENT FACT & COMMENT

## New Foreign Aid Commission?

President Kennedy has proposed a five-year foreign aid program. Obviously, it is in trouble. Even if it should pass, there are certain misunderstandings which could hamper effective administration: (1) disillusionment caused by failures and abuses in administering past programs, (2) Congressional opposition to five-year plans, and (3) just plain general apathy.

As for disillusionment, apparently the unusual success of the Marshall Plan raised our expectations for all foreign aid programs too high. The Marshall Plan was a superb success. Nations of free Europe are now prosperous and growing stronger.

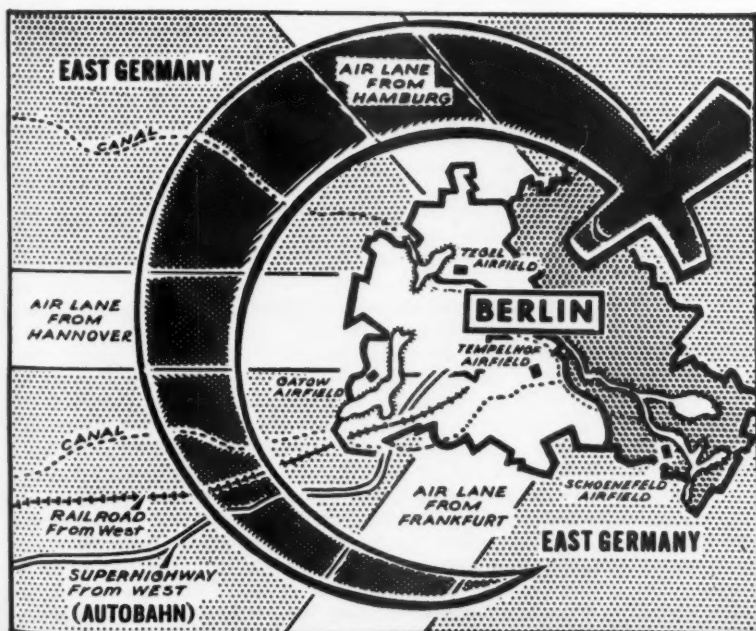
But we should not expect to score this kind of success in aiding the newly developing nations. With them, it will often take decades before notable achievements can be observed. This is understandable. Highways, harbors, and power systems must first be developed before some of these nations can build their industry. Often education is the basic need, and there is no such thing as a crash program for speeding up education.

It is the long-term aspect of the five-year plan that bothers many legislators. Congressmen are reluctant to give up the control they now enjoy over annual appropriations. But if they want effective foreign aid, they should be realistic. We could hardly have developed our missile program or

discovered our nuclear power and weapons, if the military had been denied benefits of extended planning. So, too, with effective foreign aid. Moreover, besides the demands of Christian sharing and the needs of world order, foreign aid happens to be an important Cold War weapon. As the great powers move more deeply into a nuclear stalemate, the ultimate position of Asia, Africa, and Latin America may be crucial in tipping the balance of power.

Plain general apathy is one of the biggest blocks. Part of this comes from the complexity of the problem. People don't understand it. And there is such a thing as that which Cardinal Newman termed "weariness of well-doing." Moreover, the feeling grows that foreign aid is just another drain on our already overextended resources.

One way of dramatizing the entire issue and bringing clarification to the American people would be to appoint an unusually high-level investigating commission, with the power and prestige of a British Royal Commission. This could include the top political leaders of both parties and private citizens of unquestioned competence. The commission should have full powers to investigate all relevant facts. It should aim to draw up a thorough blue-print which could serve as a basic policy document. We think such a commission is timely and necessary.



**SPOTLIGHT.** Berlin again is center of world concern. Here is where the major showdown will probably come. Khrushchev threatens to make West Berlin part of East Germany and seal it off from the West—by December. The U.S. is committed to keep West Berlin free and open to the West. Her problem is to convince Khrushchev she intends to stand firm—regardless. Map shows three air lanes, the superhighway, and railroad passing through East Germany to West

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## The Real School Issue

Debate over federal aid to education has flushed into the broad daylight many conflicting views concerning the kind of government we want and the kind of education we need. As we see it, privately run schools, legally approved, are engaged in basically the same public work of preparing future American citizens as are the government-run schools and, therefore, are entitled to some measure of public support; such support is in harmony with the American tradition of separation of Church and State.

Many of our fellow Americans disagree with us. We respect their honest convictions and hope that, within the framework of our democratic society, we can work out amicably a solution which will truly secure the common good of the nation.

**But there is one viewpoint which we reject with contempt:** the scheme of those who wish to impose a religion of secularism on the United States of America. This view is un-American and anti-Christian and, if allowed to prevail, will be suicidal for American society.

The secularistic view was patronizingly stated in editorial comment of *The New Republic*, March 20: "The state-supported school is the great melting pot of democracy, the mingling place of all creeds and viewpoints. . . . The state is bound to tolerate centrifugal cultural influences. . . . But we misunderstand the scheme if we think of the state as neutral. . . it is itself committed to exerting a secular, unifying, equalitarian force. To accept the principle of general support of public and private schools equally out of public funds is to abandon the mission of the state, since it removes the single, most effective inducement available to the state to draw people to its system of schools and away from centrifugal systems. To this extent, it is the mission of the state to discourage parochial schools. . . ."

**Secularizers have had the field largely to themselves for the past century.** They have succeeded in creating a secularistic culture throughout Western society. And the culture they have created is weak, soft, and decadent.

In his recent book, *The Crisis of Western Education* (Sheed & Ward), Christopher Dawson points out: "Modern culture is not pluralistic in character, as some social scientists have assumed; on the contrary, it is more unitary, more uniform, and more highly centralized and organized than any culture the world has ever known."

The distinguished scholar pitilessly dissects the dry rot of this modern, secularistic culture. He says it does not even deserve the name of civilization. It is merely "a technological order resting on a moral vacuum. . . applied in the Western democratic world in the service of wealth and the satisfaction of material needs." He defines the vaunted "democratic way of life" as "essentially a negative attitude which implies the absence of any deep moral conviction. . . . It produces a society which is spiritually neutral and passive, and consequently, it affords an easy prey for any strong, aggressive, revolutionary power like communism." He claims that "modern education has been one of the major factors in producing this. . . ."

**Parochial schools can help magnificently** to vitalize our national culture. They are not divisive of genuine American unity. Time and again, Catholic educators have taken large groups of children, varying greatly in racial, social, economic, and national backgrounds, and formed them into a united group of responsible American citizens,

actively engaged in constructive work for their communities. This fact has been confirmed in a sociological study by Peter H. and Alice S. Rossi. (*The Harvard Educational Review*, Summer, 1957)

Out of love for America, as well as out of love for the spiritual destiny of their children, Catholic parents should press for proper public recognition of the service their schools do for American society.

## The Uneducated Educated

Some years ago, a certain college president referred to one of our most brilliant nuclear physicists as "the most uneducated educated man" he had ever met. In the vast world of knowledge there are, somewhat as in heaven, "many mansions," and this particular scientist was abysmally ignorant of a great many of them.

We were reminded of this recently when we read a statement by economist Dr. Kenneth Boulding. Not since Margaret Sanger proposed to the women of England that they declare a ten-year moratorium on bearing children have we read such nonsense as that proposed by Dr. Boulding when he addressed the National Conference on Social Welfare a few months ago. With greater pontification than any pope ever dared to assume, he solemnly declared, "If science and technology give us death control, it must also give us birth control. We must eventually have a stable population. This means an average of a little over two children or so per family, and no nonsense." The Attorney-General of the United States is not going to like that!

Frankly, we feel sure that American parents will never stand in line to get permission from some government bureaucrat to bring a child into the world. But it is this kind of thinking which is currently pressuring the United Nations Economic, Social, and Cultural Organization to map programs for the artificial limitation of national populations. It is also this kind of thinking which, if unchecked, can lead American society to some form of totalitarian government, even though such a step is, as yet, beyond Dr. Boulding's thinking.

**A common failing of too many scientists and technologists** in Western society today is to play at being God. They are rightly concerned about population pressures and the condition of world health and world order. Such grave problems deserve all the attention they can get from our physicists, chemists, technologists, and economists. They also deserve earnest attention from our statesmen, prophets, and priests, for human nature is to be guided by something higher than the mere mechanical laws governing atoms and molecules, genes and chromosomes.

The world sighs for wisdom and moral leadership. And the curse of Western society today is that it is merely, as Christopher Dawson remarked, "a technological order resting on a moral vacuum."

It is because of this "moral vacuum" in modern life that we hear such horrible nonsense about society's right to kill the aged, the crippled, the incurably insane; to sterilize the "socially undesirable" and to abort unwanted babies; to mass-produce contraceptives for maximum personal exhilaration with minimum social responsibility; and even to tell parents if and when they may have babies.

Scientists such as Dr. Boulding must have awful nightmares after they go to bed at night, lugubriously worrying about how they will be able to run the universe the next day. A little belief and trust in God's providence, a little more optimism concerning the resourcefulness of human nature, and a little less serious estimate of their own importance would help immeasurably to cheer them up.



GILLOON PHOTO

**IRISH FIRST.** On first state visit of Monaco's rulers to Ireland, Prince Rainier, Princess Grace pose with President and Mrs. Eamon de Valera



RELIGIOUS NEWS

**COMING COUNCIL.** Pope John XXIII presides over meeting of cardinals and other prelates. This was first session of the Central Commission preparing for Second Vatican Council, which will be held probably late next year



**TOP RADIO SPOT.** Bishop McNulty (right) gives Gold Bell Award to Fr. Fidelis Rice, C.P., of "Hour of the Crucified"



UPI

**CALL FOR COURAGE.** Italy's Premier Fanfani urged Americans to show against communism the courage they showed at Pearl Harbor. "With such determination," he added, "you can save the world"



RELIGIOUS NEWS

**FILLING A NEED.** Shortage of priests in South America is deep concern of Church. Here a priest from Ireland looks over parish he will help in Peru



UPI

**LONG WAIT.** An 86-year-old refugee's arrival recalls need of help



# BREAK-THROUGH

**UNTIL THIS GENERATION,** a Negro might gain acceptance in the white man's America if he were an outstanding infielder, or pugilist, or vocalist, or jazz musician. Sports and the performing arts have been the principal anterooms for Negro admission to full membership. Even in the professions, only extraordinarily endowed Negroes were permitted entry, though on the white man's terms. To be a good citizen, a Negro has had to be about twice as good as anyone else. And most white folks were rather glad when another Negro (out of eighteen million) had "made the grade," as it was said on the upper levels of condescension. Nowadays, Negro gapmanship has taken a profounder meaning. Perhaps it was the shock treatment of World War II, in which millions of white and Negro GI's were jumbled together within range of indiscriminating enemy steel. Perhaps it was the intense value-searching set off at Hiroshima. Certainly the increasingly articulate voice of Negro protest has had much to do with it. However complex the predispositions, the American Negro today is making it plain he aspires not to the white man's dignity, but to his own. He doesn't want to cross the gap; he wants to close it.

The four Negroes on these pages typify this new movement. The extraordinary thing about them is that all four are following courses ordinary to their vocational condition. As a lawyer, Alexander Pierre Tureaud has been hammering the bends and twists out of

our laws until they read the same for all citizens. As a skilled organizer, Ted Harris is working in the Congo to help educate Africans out of anarchy. As a bright young Georgian, Charlayne Hunter is completing her education at her state's university—because she dared to be its first Negro coed. As an up-and-coming political scientist, Albert H. Miller wasn't allowed to make a living at it until he risked applying for a faculty post at a Catholic girls' college in a white community.

They don't consider themselves pioneers in anything that can't be imitated. If in the moment of breakthrough, the crumbling walls fall in on themselves, they don't enjoy it, as can the inveterate agitator. They have taken short, direct steps without rancor, and all have won respect in the white community. They have discovered that it is not themselves that constitute the minority, but rather their opponents. White supremacy still has its loud and zealous partisans, but so do Anti-Vivisection and the Gold Standard. Racism is no longer current in the American mainstream, and never really was a majority principle.

The Negro never chose America, but now he stands to bring to the American amalgam special qualities which can add strength and beauty to the whole. His hourly ministry at the altars of patience, for instance, may yet lend a salutary cast to the national character. Meet four Americans who are already giving more of themselves to the U.S. than they will ever demand.

A. P.  
Righ  
the r

# THROUGH



**A. P. Tureaud of New Orleans:**  
Rights are won on the buses, at  
the registry, in the classrooms

## ALEXANDER PIERRE TUREAUD

As the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People accelerates its timetable to equalize Negro rights before the law, it falls to circumspect lawyers like Alexander Pierre Tureaud, sixty-one, to press the fight in the courts. Last year's momentous federal order to desegregate New Orleans schools was a work of eight years for Tureaud, who began battering away at racial injustice thirty-three years ago with a failure. In 1928, he appealed to the school board for the use of an abandoned white school to relieve overcrowding in Negro schools. The board ordered the building torn down, winning its point perhaps but also confirming Tureaud in a career which has since opened voter registry to Louisiana Negroes, equalized teacher salaries, and desegregated Louisiana State University, parks and city buses. The teacher case alone, as his racist opponents like to point out, "cost the State of Louisiana \$100,000,000"—which can also be taken as the extent Negro teachers had been victimized. Despite many years of fighting bigotry—and the anonymous phone calls and nasty threats that have come with it—folks in New Orleans say that "A.P." has no hate in him. At one time the only Negro lawyer in Louisiana, Tureaud is proud of the respect he has won among the state's judges. Even if the school board hadn't torn down that school in 1928, says Tureaud modestly, "Changing public sentiment in the South and an improved economy no longer tolerate these shameful conditions." And besides litigation, he points out, Negroes also need to activate their rights. (Two-thirds of Louisiana Negroes still fail to register.) Said A.P.: "Each of us has to win it on the buses, at the registry, in the classrooms. Each man has to say emphatically to himself: 'I do not accept this disgrace.'"

*The Sign's People of the Month.....*

**Ted Harris, of Philadelphia, with law students at Leopoldville, Congo**



**Charlayne Hunter (center), now a familiar figure on University of Georgia campus**

**Al Miller with political science class at College of St. Teresa, Winona, Minn.**





## **JAMES THEODORE HARRIS, JR.**

Whether political immaturity is cause or effect of colonialism, everyone agrees by now the new African nations came to sovereignty with insufficient trained-leader personnel. That's why Philadelphia's Ted Harris rushed to Leopoldville a few months ago to become secretary-general of the Congo's new National School of Law and Administration. In an NCCM-radio talk before he left, Harris urged: "The challenges which confront us in Georgia, Mississippi, Harlem, and Leopoldville are not susceptible to justifications for compromise or delay." James Theodore Harris, Jr., thirty-eight, comes to this critical job providentially well prepared. He has already been a key man in the American Society for African Culture, the Council on Race and Caste in World Affairs, the Foundation for Youth and Student Affairs, and World University Service. He is fluent in five languages, African affairs, the co-operative movement, and the need for broader educational opportunities. A Catholic convert at sixteen, this son of a large family was himself set in motion by a scholarship to LaSalle College. In 1958 he was given the James J. Hoey Award for Interracial Justice. Affable, magnetic, and inventive, Ted Harris has brought his wife and their four children to the Congo.

## **CHARLAYNE HUNTER**

When Charlayne Hunter, daughter of a Methodist army chaplain, was in the eighth grade, she was the only Negro in her class and nobody seemed to trouble about it. But it's a long way from that army post school in Alaska to the University of Georgia, where her enrollment set off rioting, stoning, cross-burning, and Ku Klux Klan threats on her life. "I merely want to get an education," she told jeering mobs after a federal court ordered the 176-year-old state university to admit the Atlanta girl and Hamilton Holmes, both nineteen, as its first Negro students. Only a minority of Georgia's 7,500 undergrads participated in the midnight rioting around Miss Hunter's dorm, but their noise and their hate was explosive enough to be heard around the world, to the embarrassment of Americans, even Southerners, and many co-scholars on the Athens campus. Coeds and faculty members rallied to her defense in what they called their "Baby-Sitting Brigade." Thirty police cars, special FBI bodyguards, and temporary suspension 'for her own safety' also helped blunt the riots. "I was not really frightened," she says. "The really sincere friends I made outweigh anything else." She persisted in making herself liked on a personal basis, and the silent treatment first accorded her by many students is no longer so mute. Now turning to her junior year, the first Negro coed to stick it out in an otherwise white Southern college believes, "In the long run I'll be better for it, and so will everyone else." A Catholic convert, Charlayne was honored for her conduct in the integration crisis by the New York Catholic Interracial Conference. Intent on her studies, she wants to be a writer.

## **AL MILLER**

All things being equal, Al Miller is the personable sort you would hire if you needed his kind of brainwork. He holds advanced degrees in political science, he is a devoted father, accomplished teacher, and practiced editor, and he comes well recommended by four colleges and a host of friends. But all things are *not* equal for Al Miller: he's a Negro. Before moving his family from Chicago to Winona, Minnesota—where neighbors say they're glad he came—Miller suffered the daily bruises that go with being Negro, even up North. He had sometimes been hired on the telephone, fired on arrival; refused emergency treatment in hospitals; stopped from visiting in white apartment houses; threatened with bombing. "I don't enjoy being public headache number one," he says. Miller feels the national migraine a little more sensitively than most, because he has a penchant for doing things Negroes aren't expected to do and going places Negroes aren't supposed to go. "But we will never get anywhere," he says, "if we huddle in our ghettos because we won't risk the next disillusionment." Miller himself had just about had his share of disillusion when he applied for a teaching opening in 1959 at Winona's College of St. Teresa—a Catholic girls' school in an all-white (population 25,031) community. When both the college and Winona welcomed the Millers, "It was like being born again." Then he makes his point: "Now I work better, and I think I'm really teaching."

BY GEORGE LORIMER

# The Widow's Trap

Women, according to Michele,  
should know their place, and stay  
in it. He'd have to teach the  
widow Casini a lesson

There could be no doubt about it, the neat letters read "Antonietta Casini." The first people to see it had rushed to the widow to ask if she really meant it. Antonietta had said that she did. Later in the day, a second group had gone to ask her to reconsider, but she remained firm. By night, all of Castel dei Monti was discussing the dramatic situation. For the first time in the history of the town, a woman had entered the annual pear-growing contest!

"If you ask me, it's against the regulations," Gino said, pouring a glass of wine for Mario the mason.

"A woman like that doesn't seem to bother much about the regulations" Mario said. Then he turned to Michele, who had been silent up to then. "Well, Michele, you know the widow. What do you have to say?"

"Nothing."

"Oh, Michele, what sort of a way is that to treat your friends," Gino said.

"Listen, Gino, I told you I had nothing to say; it will be time enough to talk when things are definite."

"Things could hardly be more definite than now."

"What day is it?" Michele asked.

"Friday, the second of August."

"And when is the contest?"

"The day of the Madonna, the fifteenth."

"So there is still time to think and . . ."

"All right. But if you ask me," Gino said, "as one who doesn't grow pears in the first place and can be completely impartial, the widow is going to put the whole lot of you in her pocket."

"We shall see," Michele said darkly. And with that, Michele turned around and left the wine shop.

"There goes a man with a plan," Mario said. And so it was.

Don Francesco was sitting in front of the church enjoying the faint evening breeze that brought with it the smell of dry hills mixed with the acrid perfume

of tomato plants after a day of sun. He enjoyed the peace, interrupted only by the sound of distant voices and the mechanical whirring of the katydids. He closed his eyes and thought of nothing in particular. And then he heard a familiar call from the other side of the piazza. "Buona sera, Don Francesco." Michele had crossed the piazza before the priest could answer, and the peace of the evening became a memory.

"Father, they say you are judging the pear contest this year. I want to congratulate you."

"Thank you, Michele. I hope I will do a fair job."

"I am certain you will, Father."

"Of course, I have the good luck or bad luck to know nothing about pears."

"That makes you more impartial."

"I hope you are right. The committee said it didn't matter."

"The judges are always people outside agriculture. Last year there was that young man who used to live here and work at the bank in Scandicci."

"Yes, I remember."

"Did you ever wonder why he left Castel dei Monti, Father?"

"I rather imagined he wanted to be nearer his work."

"You may be right, but there are those who say it was on account of the contest."

"How do you mean?"

"Well, there was a rumor that his judging had not been impartial."

"It would be hard for it to have been anything but impartial. The entries have only numbers."

"I am just telling you what was said. Anyway, there was feeling against him."

"Why are you telling me this Michele?" Don Francesco laughed. "Do you want to scare me?"

"Imagine, Father, if I would want to do a thing like that! I think you should know, though, that people feel very strongly about the contest. They talk about it all year, and the older people

*'Women can be silly,' Michele said calmly. He turned, leaving the widow with her mouth open*





remember pears grown in their childhood. It is not something to be treated lightly."

"I fully understand."

"But not everyone does."

"What do you mean?"

"Have you seen the list of people who are entering their fruit?"

"Not for a few days."

"Well, I am surprised you haven't heard just the same. The whole town is talking. Father, Antonietta Casini has entered the contest!"

"So?"

"Well, Father, a woman has never been in a pear-growing contest before. You can't expect the population to approve such violation."

"Violation of what?" Don Francesco was a bit confused.

"Father, you must admit there are some things women do and some things men do. You wouldn't want a woman priest, for example!"

"I see . . ."

"Well, that is the way the pear-growing contest has always *been*. It is for the men."

"If that were true, I would of course ask Antonietta to withdraw."

"Wonderful, Father, I knew you

would," Michele smiled. "I thought to myself, Don Francesco will see reason just like that." He snapped his fingers.

"Just a minute, Michele, I said *if* that were true."

"But it is."

"Let us check." Don Francesco put his hand into his pocket and pulled out a small notebook. He leafed through it. "Ah, here we are. Regulations for the pear-growing contest. This contest is opened to all the citizens of Castel dei Monti. Each entry must be of three pears which have been grown by the same person who enters them. That is all, Michele. I fear Antonietta is a citizen of Castel dei Monti, and I am sure she grew the pears."

"But, Father, she is a woman!"

"I know, Michele, but even women can grow pears."

"Father, you have not understood. Tradition forbids her from entering."

"No, Michele. I am the judge, and if anyone is to be excluded, he or she must be excluded by me. And in conscience I cannot turn away anyone who is eligible, can I Michele?"

"Well, Father, there must be some way."

"The easiest way is for the rest of you

to grow bigger and more beautiful pears. Then, even if she enters, it will make no difference."

"But, Father, it's the principle." Michele shook his head, "If we give in here, who knows where it will stop."

"Well, Michele, there is another way. You persuade Antonietta to withdraw from the contest. If I remember correctly, there was a time when you were pretty good friends."

"That was long ago," Michele said firmly. He did not like to remember the time when the widow had just arrived, that he, a bachelor for fifty years, had suddenly felt a softening in his dedication to the solitary life, a softening which had gone so far as to make him shave his beard just because the widow had told him she would like it. It had taken time for the town to stop talking, and the beard had been entirely too long growing back. And for that matter, the story of the beardless Michele was one of the favorites down at Gino's, favorites, that is, when Michele wasn't there to threaten assault.

After the unsuccessful talk with Don Francesco, Michele strolled over to Antonietta's hairdressing salon. He avoided the bright rectangle of the open door and went instead to the wall which enclosed the widow's garden. The moon that night was almost full so that every detail of the small garden was visible. The careful rows of tomato plants, the small heads of lettuce, and the lace of carrot greens. There was the string of grape vines with their big, dark leaves and the fruit barely turning purple, and then, at the back of the garden, with its four branches espaliered against the whitewashed wall was one pear tree.

Michele looked carefully around the garden, but search as he did, that was the only pear tree he could see. The moonlight glittered on its shiny leaves and glinted on the green curves of the fruit. Michele looked carefully; he counted only three pears. Of course, he could be wrong; moonlight was deceptive. He leaned over the wall to get a better look, and just then a soft voice murmured, "*Buona sera*, Michele."

"*Santo Cielo!*" Michele leaped like a shot stag. "What do you mean by scaring a man out of his skin?"

"I just said *buona sera*, which is only good manners."

"Well you shouldn't say it like that."

"Like what?" Antonietta asked. "I see a man just about to go into my garden. I think it was very restrained of me just to say *buona sera*."

"Hmmm."

"Why don't you ever come and see me now?"

"I am busy," Michele said.

"Growing pears?" she asked archly.



"Well, it *does* have a rather simple plot. Shall I continue?"

"Among other things."

"Are they as big as mine?"

"I don't know. I hardly can see yours in the moonlight."

"They are big. In fact, I would say they were the biggest in Castel dei Monti." She winked. "I even think they will win the prize in the contest."

"That is easy enough if the rules permit women to enter."

"Listen, Michele. The rules do permit it: it's only the blockheaded men of Castel dei Monti who seem to object. You should all wake up and realize that women are not slaves anymore."

"But they can be very silly," Michele said quite calmly. "Dangerously silly." He turned, breathed a *buona sera* over his shoulder, and walked home, leaving the widow with her mouth open.

The next evening, while he was watering his lettuce plants, Michele heard a voice calling him. At first he ignored it, but as it simply continued, he realized he would have to answer.

"Well?" he said as unpleasantly as possible.

"Hello, Michele," Antonietta said. "I came to admire your pears."

"Well, there they are." He indicated the trees.

"You have so many!"

"I don't raise them as a hobby."

"To think I only have three," Antonietta said a bit sadly.

"Let's hope the hail doesn't come or anything else."

"Yes. Of course they grow bigger because the tree has only the three of them," Antonietta said.

Michele had returned to the watering. "Michele," the widow said in a very low voice, "are you going to dance with me at the festa?"

"Listen, Antonietta," Michele smiled warmly, "I wouldn't dance with you even if there was no one else there and Don Francesco asked me as a special favor, because if there is one thing which turns my stomach it is a woman who doesn't know her place."

"You are just jealous."

"Jealous!"

"Yes, of my pears. You are afraid you are going to be beaten by a woman." She laughed merrily and Michele smiled. Just then, Don Francesco passed by on the road above and waved. Michele restrained his temper. "You better be getting home, Antonietta," he said.

As the days passed, excitement mounted in Castel dei Monti. And every day, people stopped to look in at the widow's three pears. Every day they seemed more enormous, and bit by bit they turned yellow.

"Well," said Gino quite abruptly one evening, "what are you going to do about it, Michele?"

## CAROLINE GROWS

by Helen Harrington

In and out of White House doors, through offices, down corridors, the business of the nation goes—and Caroline grows!

The winter turns to spring; spring turns to summer; congress, soon, adjourns; time, quick-ticking, overthrows standing-pat and status quos of legislators and the rose—and Caroline grows!

Here's a gladsome, pretty plan to which the sun is partisan and every healthy wind that blows!—Caroline grows!

"Me? Why should I do something about it?"

"I thought you were so sure of yourself."

"Don Francesco won't listen to reason, and you know perfectly well with the Church against you, you don't have a chance. He says that he won't exclude the woman. He says beat her. But we all know that it is not going to be possible; one look is enough."

"So what's to be done?"

"Don Francesco says get her to withdraw the pears. And that is pure fantasy."

"You know, Michele, that may be not as difficult as you think. That is, if you are as irresistible as you have made us all think." There was a roar of laughter in the shop.

"Seriously, you might try," Emilio, the tall farmer from the hill, urged.

"What do you think I am?" Michele fumed.

"I don't see why you couldn't sacrifice yourself to the cause, you, Michele, with all your natural charm."

Michele smiled, "It wouldn't work."

"Why don't you try," Gino urged. "Listen, if you can charm the pears off the widow's tree, I will give you a bottle of Spumante. Just for the pleasure of seeing the old fox at work."

Michele didn't make up his mind until he passed by the widow's garden. No. There would be no beating those pears with their gentle tint of yellow and a flush of pink just beginning. That settled it. He entered the hairdressing salon.

"Buona sera, Antonietta."

"Ah, buona sera, Michele. What brings you here?"

Michele smiled and stroked his beard. "I came to apologize. I have been unkind and, of course, that makes me unhappy. If you really want to enter the pear contest, there is no reason why you shouldn't."

"You are kind," she smiled.

Michele stayed there talking a long time. The anger he had at first began to die down. If only she wasn't so pig-headed, he thought to himself. There was no doubt about it, she was a clever woman. Maybe he had been wrong to have been hostile for so long. But at the end of the visit, Michele was still saying that his only reason for going to visit Antonietta was to beguile her into withdrawing her pears. However, on the way home, when Emilio stopped him to ask how it had gone, Michele brushed him off angrily. It was none of Emilio's business.

In the days that followed, Michele went often to see Antonietta, and very soon there was a difference of opinion in the town as to whether he went to get her to withdraw from the contest or whether perhaps there stirred some other emotion deep in the heart of the old fox.

"If you ask me," Gino said one evening, "in the end, Michele is going to withdraw his pears!"

"That is all right," said Emilio, "if the widow also withdraws her pears. But has he told you anything?"

"No. And you?"

"He said it was none of my business."

"And so it isn't," said Michele, entering the shop at that moment.

"It will be time enough to talk about

(Continued on page 70)

# Pioneers of the United States of EUROPE

BY ROBERT RIGBY

**THE ANCIENT BELGIAN TOWN** of Bruges has long been a tourist mecca renowned for its swan-studded canals and medieval, red-brick houses, its fine churches and lofty belltower, its deft-fingered lacemakers and art museums stuffed with Flemish masterpieces. To the eye, Bruges is a serene backwater of the past, with the air, as someone once said, "of a sleeping princess dreaming of the splendor of another age." It is, all things considered, just about the last place you would expect to find a flourishing school for political revolutionaries.

The institution in question bears the resounding name of "The College of Europe" and enjoys the hearty approval of local burghers. Founded in 1950, it has nothing whatever in common with Moscow's Marx-Lenin Institute, where the young revolutionaries of world communism are soaked in Marxist dialectic and drilled in the ungentle arts of subversion and agitation.

The College of Europe's methods and goals, firmly rooted in the West's heritage of democratic ideals and Christian ethics, its spiritual and cultural traditions, are indeed diametrically opposed to those of the Marx-Lenin Institute. Even so, it is a school for revolutionaries, for its principal aim is to produce a corps of young leaders who will play a role in what would undoubtedly be the Old Continent's greatest revolution ever: political unification of its countries and the creation of a United States of Europe.

The idea of a United States of Europe is as old (or as young) as the reality of a United States of America. But for a century and a half its advocates were jeered and hooted down as "starry-eyed romantics" and "impractical crackpots." Then, with the threat of Soviet imperialism after World War II, the jeers turned to cheers, and a vigorous movement for a United Europe sprang up.

The 1950's witnessed the formation of a "Europe of the Six"—France, West Germany, Italy, the Netherlands, Belgium, and Luxembourg—which has taken giant strides toward economic union, the precondition for their political union. The Six are today linked by three supranational organizations that have lifted the Old Continent's face and poured new blood into its body economic: 1) the European Coal and Steel Authority, which has pooled these key, heavy industries; 2) Euratom, the joint authority for development of nuclear energy for nonmilitary use; and 3) the European Common Market, which is forging a single, tariff-free market of 170 million consumers and producers accounting for 20 per cent of the world's trade.

As was certainly expected, these economic mergers have suffered temporary setbacks from time to time (and running disputes among certain members most of the time); but they are nonetheless going concerns and concrete evidence of the new wind of co-operation blowing over Western

Europe. And their success has kindled widespread hope among the peoples of the Six for the next logical step—vastly more difficult to achieve—the formation of a bona fide European Parliament.

Such a parliament, according to the majority of constitutional experts, would not be a strongly centralized colossus governing everything down the line, but a federal body with clearly defined limits. Its members, elected by direct universal suffrage, would be empowered to pass legislation only on problems involving the Six as a whole. National parliaments, far from being disbanded, would continue to make the laws on their respective internal problems.

If the obstacles in the path of political unification are great, the rewards of such a development would be equally great according to European federalists. A united Europe would be a mighty pillar of strength for the free world, for, as France's Jean Monnet, the organizational brain behind the Six's present supranational groupings, points out: "The process of union obeys the laws of dynamics. These forces are not merely added together when they unite but are multiplied by each other."

● The College of Europe was founded to train leaders, to give them a "European outlook"—the capacity to see today's problems from a broadly European, not a narrowly nationalistic, viewpoint. Besides giving them a solid intellectual grounding in the problems and potentialities of European integration, it also imbues them with a remarkable *esprit de corps*, a sense of being pioneers in a noble undertaking.

As educational institutions run in size today, the College is probably the midget at the bottom of the list. It has an enrollment of only forty students (and won't take more), an eight-man faculty, and a two-building campus, and it operates on a flyweight budget of but \$100,000 yearly (footed jointly by the governments of the Six, the town of Bruges, and the Coal and Steel Authority).

Despite its limited enrollment, the college constitutes a Europe in miniature, for its students represent no fewer than sixteen nationalities! About half are generally from the nations of the Six, which have a fixed student-quota based on their relative populations. The rest are from Britain, Scandinavia, Switzerland, Austria, plus a few from the United States and one or two who are refugees from Iron Curtain countries.

This broad variety of nationalities is significant. For the College of Europe does not consider the Six as a be-all-and-end-all but only as the starting point, the possible nucleus for a wider federation of European nations, and eventually perhaps even of a Atlantic community including the United States and Canada.

Name to the contrary, the College of Europe is not an



## The College of Europe trains young men to be leaders in the revolutionary task of creating a United States of Europe



Henri Brugmans, Rector of College of Europe

undergraduate institution but functions as a postgraduate center offering an intensive one-year course. Its students (average age: twenty-five) are handpicked by national committees and enjoy full scholarships (\$1000) for their year in Bruges, and an impressive percentage of them have already earned Master's degrees and doctorates. Some are economists, some historians, jurists, sociologists, or political scientists by background.

To avoid being little more than an ivy tower of Babel, however, the college does make a concession to linguistic conformity. All candidates for admission must have a fluent knowledge of both English and French, the two languages in which lectures are conducted.

According to its statutes, the College of Europe was established to offer a curriculum "for the study of Europe's problems with a view to its unity." A tall order, for all the human sciences—economics, history, geography, political science, law, sociology—are involved. The college's eight-man resident faculty could scarcely cope with so much. Fortunately, from its very beginnings, the College of Europe has attracted outstanding authorities in many fields who come to Bruges to lecture for varying periods of time.

● The College of Europe's roster of guest lecturers would be the envy of many bigger and richer institutions. But it is more than likely that its multinational students learn more of value and lasting influence from one another than from their distinguished lecturers. This is made possible by the college's unique (for Continental Europe) system of "communal life"—of living together.

By and large, the Continental student customarily lodges in a cheap hotel, not in a dormitory on campus, takes his meals in restaurants (when he can afford it), and mixes with his fellow students as a group only at lecture time.

At Bruges, on the other hand, the opposite is true, thanks to the college's strong emphasis on a communal life for its students. They not only attend classes together but take their meals in a common dining room and live in the same dormitory (a former hotel lent by the municipal council). Its Catholic students worship together in the same chapel, where the Holy Gospel, to underscore its universality, is sometimes read in German, sometimes in French, Dutch, Italian, or English. The whole student body takes periodic field trips during the year to make on-the-spot study of trouble spots (e.g., Berlin) or of economically depressed areas (e.g., Brittany, Sardinia).

The catalyst in this all-important psychological process is the College of Europe's rector (president), a whip-smart fifty-five-year-old Dutchman and Catholic convert named Henri Brugmans. "Without his influence and dedication," says one faculty member flatly, "the College of Europe would

still be a shaky experiment in international education, not the unqualified success that it is today."

A youthful, energetic man with a jutting jaw and boyish smile, Henri Brugmans is sparked with a contagious enthusiasm for the task of building a united Europe. No romantic, however, he approaches the problem with hard-headed realism; he has written a half-dozen closely reasoned books pointing out the enormous difficulties—and advantages as well—of federating Europe.

Like other faculty members at Bruges, Brugmans takes a notably active part in the college's communal life. He sits among the students in the dining hall, joins in their discussions as an equal, even goes out with a group of them in the evening occasionally to continue a good talk over a glass of beer in a café. Affable, unassuming, he is immensely popular, to the point that his students have insisted, over his protests, on making his birthday the occasion for the college's grand banquet of the academic year.

On informal occasions, as in the classroom, Brugmans displays an impressive battery of gifts as a teacher. A French literature scholar (a Sorbonne doctorate), he is also widely read in history, law, economics, and politics.

Brugmans' words carry added weight because of his background. He is no cloistered scholar but a man who has gained a practical knowledge of politics as a deputy in the Dutch Parliament (elected at thirty-two), a Resistance editor (and saboteur) in the Dutch underground during World War II, and a minister in his country's first postwar cabinet.

When federalist groups decided to establish the College of Europe in 1950, Henri Brugmans was the natural choice to head it. He resigned his professorship at Utrecht, moved to Bruges, and set about turning what was little more than a luminous idea into a concrete reality.

Brugmans has always put great store in keeping in close touch with the college's *anciens*—its alumni. He corresponds regularly with scores of them and rarely misses an opportunity to look them up on his frequent lecture tours around the Continent. They in turn invite him to their weddings, often ask him to stand as godfather to their children (one of whom, a baby girl, bears "Europa" as one of her middle names). Once a year, at Pentecost, there is a heavily attended reunion of alumni in Bruges, too (the bill for their travel, room, and board expenses footed by the college).

"Brugmans visualizes Europe in a sense through the students who have passed through the College of Europe," says Father Antoine Verleye, a Franciscan seminary professor and one of Brugmans' close collaborators.

The reverse is, also certainly true: the College of Europe's alumni see in Henri Brugmans the new European and share his conviction that "only the consciousness of a noble mission to accomplish gives meaning to life and makes a man."

by John P. Shanley

# DAYTIME WASTELAND

**In watching TV inanities, wives seem to murder more time by day than the husbands do by night**

One of the mystifying things about television is the constancy with which it is watched by so many people. In some areas there are TV channels that are on the air for as long as twenty-one hours a day. Obviously these stations are not operating in a vacuum. Someone is looking at their programs when the sun rises for the break of a new day as well as in the dark hours of early morning when sign-off time is drawing near.

Not long ago, Jim Backus, the actor and comedian who is the voice behind the myopic Mr. Magoo of the movies and TV commercials, was about to begin a new radio series. He talked with me about the differences between working in radio and in television and expressed surprise that anyone would watch television during daytime hours. "Watching television is like drinking hard liquor," Backus said. "It never should be done before sunset."

He was aware, however, that the principle he was expressing was being disregarded by millions of Americans. Ironically, many of them were then spending, and still spend, part of their day watching Backus himself in a farcical program called "I Married Joan," in which he played opposite the late Joan Davis. This low-comedy series was filmed years ago, but it continues to find a place in the morning or afternoon schedules of stations in many parts of the country.

Through the lucrative contractual stipulation known as residual payments, Backus and other actors continue to draw fees for their work in this and other frequently repeated programs. Being a practical man, Backus is not hostile to this continuing source of income. He is, however, somewhat surprised by the willingness of audiences to continue to spend their time with such entertainment during daylight hours.

It would not be surprising to him nor to others if children were the principal witnesses at these daily displays of nonsense on the TV screen. For there is almost nothing on television that will fail to hold the attention of most pre-school youngsters, still fascinated by the novelty of flickering shadows on a



*Peter Hobbs and June Graham are featured daily on CBS-TV soap opera "The Secret Storm"*

screen. Some of them have been known to be captivated merely by staring at a test pattern, the geometric design that is beamed from some stations before they begin a day of telecasting.

If toddlers are permitted to continue to sit before a TV receiver, they probably will offer no resistance, regardless of the kind of program that is being shown. They are too young to know any better. It is the responsibility of their parents to see that the children's viewing is limited.

But, according to audience surveys, it is not children but housewives who make up the major share of daytime TV audiences. This finding raises some questions that are not easy to answer. For example, how can a housewife attend to her domestic duties and keep up with television at the same time?

**Housewives' Delight.** For even in an age of magical electrical devices like washers, dryers, and can openers, the lady of the house has not been completely liberated by automation. She can, and will, describe in detail the hardships of running the modern home—particularly if her duties include the rearing of young children.

Does the woman who is a unit in the vast, daytime TV audience just turn on the set and overhear the sounds that emerge from it without paying any attention to the accompanying picture? It is conceivable that if she were to do this, she could accomplish her work without being seriously diverted from it. But there could be an occasion when, during a daytime serial, for example, a crisis in the story might be so acute as to demand visual as well as aural attention. And once the resolve not to look has

been disturbed, the process of turning away from the beguiling world of the picture tube might not be easy. The housewife might, in fact, find herself hooked for the rest of the day by a series of dramas, old movies, and giveaway shows.

It would seem much more sensible for the homemaker, if she felt a compelling need for being entertained while dusting, washing, or mopping, to use the radio instead of the TV set. The quality of the programs would be no better, but there would be no danger of prolonged distraction.

But there is another possibility for the lady of the house who just can't get along without television. It was demonstrated last year by comedienne Nanette Fabray during a delightful bit of satire on NBC's "TV Guide Awards" telecast.

Miss Fabray impersonated a housewife who got her housework done but never missed an important moment on her TV screen. She would dash out to the back yard and yank the laundry from the clothesline during a station break and a series of commercials, rushing back into the kitchen, where her portable TV set was operating, just in time to see the beginning of the next scene of a show.

The actress demonstrated her supreme achievement, however, as she prepared a stack of wheatcakes for her family. Even when she flipped a flapjack into the air, she kept her eyes on the screen and never missed a plot development. With the co-ordination and agility of an accomplished juggler, she also managed to catch each pancake as it descended. Miss Fabray's act was, of course, a broad spoof of reality. But it was particularly amusing, because it had some basis in fact. This is the essence of true satire. A great many women do watch television during hours when more urgent activities call for their attention.

**Soap-opera Diet.** And what do they see? The roster of regular daytime programs includes a shabby assortment of flights from reality that can contribute nothing to the enlightenment of the beholder. There are the soap operas—"Search for Tomorrow," "Guiding Light," "From These Roots," "Young Dr. Malone," or "Brighter Day." The titles are different, but there is a depressing uniformity about the contents of all of them.

The programs generally alternate between cloying sentimentality and absurd sensationalism. The formula provides for what is known as the "Friday cliff hanger." Just before the Friday afternoon episode comes to an end, a startling event is indicated. It may be an automobile accident or the exposure of an illicit meeting between the heroine and her best friend's husband. The crisis is never clarified nor resolved on Friday. Since the shows are not televised on Saturdays or Sundays, the audience theoretically is kept in fingernail-biting suspense all through the week end.

Sometimes the "suspense" is extended. The Monday telecast may be just a recapitulation of what has happened in several preceding installments, and the tormented ladies in the audience may have to wait until Tuesday to find out if Clarice really drove her new sports car off the viaduct or if Clyde and Mimi were behaving dishonorably before Floyd accidentally encountered them in the Gypsy Tea Room.

Despite the absurdity of these potboilers, the TV "soaps" have their own followers as they did a quar-

ter of a century ago when they became popular on radio. The guilelessness of some of these loyal observers of the daily sagas of heartbreak and sunshine is, at the same time, touching and absurd.

They sometimes write to the leading players in the shows, asking their advice about pressing personal problems. Or, if the ingenue in one of the programs is about to get married, according to the script, some of the devoted fans will send wedding gifts to the actress with fervent wishes for years of marital bliss.

Meanwhile, the manufacturers of scouring powders, detergents, and other cleansing products who bring before the public these daily excursions into dreamland are contented and secure in the knowledge that their merchandise is moving faster than it ever did. The sponsors themselves privately may deplore the low intellectual level of the dramas that they are subsidizing, but their cultural disenchantment is effectively counterbalanced by glowing sales reports.

**The Wasted Hours.** Most of the other daytime TV offerings on the networks and on independent stations is on a level with the soap operas. The mistakes of television's earlier years are repeated with numbing regularity. "Gale Storm" can be seen almost any day in a filmed re-run of her adventures of years ago. She may be visiting a desert island where a tribe of headhunters become convinced that she is a sea goddess. That was the actual theme of one of the installments that was revived recently.

The get-rich-quick shows also form a substantial part of the daytime TV picture. One of the most popular and most appalling is "The Price Is Right," which can be seen not only every Monday through Friday morning, but also on Wednesday nights.

For some observers, "The Price Is Right" is an excruciating exercise in warped materialism. Adult contestants shout, scream, giggle, and writhe as, by guessing closest to the value of items provided by the program, they are able to come into possession of them. The prizes may range from a tub of lard to a Mercedes-Benz limousine. Watching "The Price Is Right" just once can be an upsetting experience. It provides, one suspects, the kind of false and damaging image of Americans that would delight the most venomous editorialist on the staff of *Pravda*.

But there is a huge audience for the daytime, as well as the evening, version of the show, and most of those who follow it attentively are women. Some of them appear at times to be discriminating, too. They are unhappy when they discover that their children are fond of "The Three Stooges." And they become quite agitated when their husbands, declining to converse with them, choose instead to settle into an armchair and spend most of Tuesday evening watching "Laramie," "Rifleman," "Wyatt Earp," and "Stagecoach West" (which are available successively starting at 7:30 P.M.).

There is really no excuse for the viewing habits of either the wives or the husbands. On behalf of the men, however, it can be said that they are presumably wasting leisure time after they have completed a day of work unmarred by TV shows. The girls who need to be sustained during the day by television are in an indefensible position. Of course, they are in a minority, too. But if you should accidentally meet one of them, you should tell her that daytime television can be a dreadful waste of time. Tell her and then get away—fast.



## YOU AND YOUR FAMILY



# BRUTAL EFFECTS OF nagging

So many of the difficulties arising in child rearing come from a home where nagging prevails.

The inconsistent, confusing nagging of the parents can contribute only to faulty development in children. Parents alternately pet and punish a child for deeds condemned one day and passed over, even laughed at, another day. This bewilders children, they lose confidence; they are unsure how to act. They lose their way.

Take Mr. X. He holds a high government position, is liked and admired by his friends, associates, and superiors. He is going straight up the ladder of promotion. His wife seemingly is warm, friendly, and of the motherly type. She prefers to keep mostly to herself and doesn't care to socialize.

At home, this couple differ constantly; they argue and quarrel continually, never seeming to understand or appreciate one another. They note only the shortcomings of each other, and express their disapproval in every way. We cannot go deeper here into the psychodynamics of this couple. They are emotionally sick—that we do

know. But consider what has happened to their children.

The oldest, the sixteen-year-old daughter, is highly nervous; her school work is poor. The school psychologist has diagnosed her as having a severe emotional block. She vividly expresses her feelings—absolutely nobody can live in that house, it is impossible to study there, everybody is on edge. At mealtime tempers flare up, and invariably one parent leaves the dinner table. The fourteen-year-old daughter has the same difficulties at home. She is often in tears, even hysterical. Her school marks are as poor as those of her older sister. The thirteen-year-old son is underweight and is depressed and dissatisfied with life. He does poorly in school. He is a chronic masturbator. Another daughter, aged ten, has nightmares and walks in her sleep. She is unhappy and cries a lot. An eight-year-old son is repeatedly sick and under a doctor's care. He has fainting attacks of hysterical nature. I should point out that these children were given psychologic tests and each found to have a high I.Q. A

four-year-old boy so far seems unaffected by all this family rumpus.

This is, of course, an extreme example of constant nagging and scrapping parents whose children are continually nagged and overcriticized, so that they are disturbed in their loyalty to their parents and to each other. They are overanxious. The parents think they love their children, but they are overprotective. They nag at the adolescents—how to stand, how to sit, how to act, what to wear, and how they should live. They always find something to criticize, especially when they are all together at mealtime, when happiness and gaiety should promote digestion.

Naggers have always existed. Xenippe, Socrates' wife, became immortalized by her nagging tongue. Nagging is more often attributed to the female sex, but when a man complains of his nagging wife, he doesn't realize the basic underlying defects in himself that annoy. He has no understanding of his wife, her needs, or her desires; he has no appreciation of her as a partner. Nagging wives are expressing their emotional illness—the inferior feeling in themselves, insecurity in the love of their husbands. With her nagging, a wife unconsciously tries to achieve what children are trying for with temper tantrums—to get attention and love. Nagging does draw attention; it produces no love.

Nagging is a frequent by-product of marriages that are psychologically wrong. Such marriages lack the mutual affection, respect, and self-sacrifice necessary and proper to such a relationship. Psychologically, security and tension cannot coexist. In a husband-wife relationship dominated by jealousy, suspicion, misunderstanding, wrangling, and distrust, parents fail in their God-given duty. Such a miserable relationship cannot be other than detrimental in any family. Some parents wrongly think they do not harm their children if their disagreements and misunderstandings are not aired in their presence. They are mistaken. Children cannot help noticing their discordance and suffer because of the lack of love between the parents.

Habitual nagging develops in parents who have not attained emotional maturity, who feel insecure in the love of their marital partners. They are inadequate, insecure persons who fail to give one another the understanding and appreciation needed for wedded happiness.

BY DR. ROBERT P. ODENWALD

# SIGNPOST

## your questions answered

BY ADRIAN LYNCH, C.P.

### Assumption of Mary; Problem of Masons

(1) I have been questioned about Catholic belief in the Assumption of the Blessed Virgin and on what we base this belief. Will you please suggest the references I might use to interpret this belief? (2) Also please explain, or again suggest references to substantiate, our attitude toward the Masons and their activities. What is available to prove our views?—SAN DIEGO, CALIF.



Ever since earliest times, it was piously believed that the Blessed Virgin Mary, mother of our Saviour Jesus Christ, was preserved from the corruption of the grave and assumed body and soul into Heaven. This belief, however, was not declared a dogma of the Church, which all the faithful had to accept, until Pope Pius XII, in virtue of his supreme apostolic authority, declared "the unanimous doctrine of the ordinary Church Teaching Office and the unanimous belief of the Christian people" in a solemn definition on November 1, 1950. Two pamphlets on this dogma may be recommended: *The Assumption, Crowning Jewel for a Queen*, by Father McVann, Paulist Press, 401 West 59 Street, New York 19, N. Y., five cents, net, and *Munificentissimus Deus*, Dogma of the Assumption, with discussion outline, by Father Treacy, from the same publisher, ten cents, net.

(2) It ought to be well known that the Catholic Church forbids the faithful to join the Freemasons and similar societies under penalty of excommunication. One of the best references to the Church's attitude is *Christianity and American Freemasonry*, by William J. Whalen, \$3.75, net., which may be obtained through THE SIGN Book Department. In shorter compass, but good, is *Catholic Church and Freemasonry*, published by Radio Replies Press, 500 Robert Street, Room 500, St. Paul 1, Minn., for fifteen cents, net.

### Saints Lucille and Paula

(1) Is there a Saint Lucille and when is her feast day?—BUFFALO, N. Y. (2) Could you tell me something about Saint Paula, my patron saint? I was told there are several Saint Paulas, but not much is known about them.—WELLESLEY, MASS.

(1) Lucille may be a derivative of Lucy. St. Lucy, of Syracuse, Italy, was a virgin and martyr of the fourth century. Her feast day is December 13. There is a Saint Lucilla, who was among twenty-three Christians who were put to death for their faith under Emperor Gallienus in the third century. Lucille is another form of Lucilla. The latter saint is commemorated on July 29.

(2) The most noted of the Saint Paulas was a fifth-century noblewoman of Rome and the mother of St. Eustachia. She

entered into the community founded by St. Jerome in Bethlehem. In art she is shown with a sponge in her hand or with a book and a black veil. In Latin her name means "little." Her feast day is January 26.

### Children of Mixed Marriage

*An invalid marriage between a Catholic and a Protestant was validated in the church after three children were born. The Catholic party now receives the sacraments, but the children still remain Protestants. How can this be?*

The promises required when a dispensation is granted from the impediment of mixed religion—one between a baptized Catholic and a baptized non-Catholic—refer to children to be born, not to those already born before the validation of the marriage, though the Catholic party is urged to work and pray for their conversion.

### Marriage During Lent

*How do you explain the three-day festive celebration when the King of Belgium married last March, during Lent? Jimmy Durante also was married at that time. I thought marriage was forbidden during Advent and Lent.*—SAN DIEGO, CAL.

According to the common law of the Church, marriage may be entered into at any time of the year; it is only the *solemn nuptial blessing*, which may be imparted only during Mass, that is forbidden during the closed times—Advent and Lent. This prohibition is from the Church and may therefore be dispensed by the Church for a sufficient reason. I presume that the ecclesiastical authority found sufficient reason for the dispensation.

### Scapular Medal

*I am enrolled in several scapulars and cannot wear them all. I have been told that a scapular medal is now available and has been approved by the Church to replace the various cloth scapulars. How does one arrange for this?*—VERDUN, QUEBEC.

A scapular medal will take the place of the cloth scapulars. It is a medal with the image of the Sacred Heart on one side and of the Blessed Virgin on the other. It must be blessed with as many distinct blessings as the scapulars for which it is substituted and by a priest with the requisite faculties. It may be obtained at any Catholic goods store in the United States or in Canada.

### The Deluge

*A friend often questions me about the Old Testament. Regarding the Deluge, for instance, he objects that the people who were destroyed were God's creatures. He made them, He knew how they would behave, yet He killed them. How could a kind Creator destroy His own creatures, etc?*—PHILADELPHIA, PA.

The principal object of the account of the Deluge in the Old Testament is to reveal God's mercy toward sinners in giving them time to repent—120 years (Genesis 6:1-3)—and His justice in punishing them for their refusal to do so. Details about the construction of the Ark, the extent of the flood, etc., are secondary to the warning to repent of sin and to prepare for judgment.

Jesus Himself referred to this aspect, when He spoke about the second coming of the Son of Man: "As in the days of Noe, so shall also the coming of the Son of Man

be. For, as in the days before the flood, they were eating and drinking, marrying and giving in marriage, even till the day in which Noe entered into the Ark; and they knew not till the flood came and took them all away, so also shall the coming of the Son of Man be." (Matt. 24:37-40)

St. Peter (II Pet. 2:5) compares the Ark to baptism as the necessary means of salvation, and as Noe entered into the Ark at God's command in order to survive the flood, so man must enter into the Church to escape perdition.

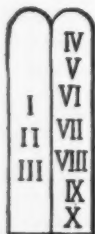
## Disparity of Cult

*I was married in the Catholic Church to a man who has never been baptized. Recently I read articles in Catholic books that a Catholic and an unbaptized person cannot be lawfully wed according to Church law. Please set me right about this.*—EAST SYRACUSE, N. Y.

You did not read the articles carefully enough. True, there is an invalidating impediment between a Catholic and an unbaptized person, called in Church law disparity of cult or worship. But a marriage between two such persons may be validly entered into, when this impediment is dispensed by ecclesiastical authority. Since your marriage was performed in a Catholic church before a priest, a dispensation from the impediment must have been granted.

## Birth Control and Ten Commandments

*A Catholic woman suffered a nervous breakdown after the birth of her third baby. She has decided not to have any more children. She wants to know on what authority the Church maintains its position against birth control, since it is not mentioned specifically in the Ten Commandments.*



Birth control is really an equivocal term. It can mean lawful regulation of birth, as well as unlawful and sinful. Thus, nature herself regulates birth in that there is a beginning and an end to a woman's childbearing capacity. Also, abstinence from conjugal relations for sufficient reasons is a means of control which may be practiced voluntarily and also sometimes forced upon couples by such things as long absence, e.g., treatment in a sanitarium. But what may

not be done is to have conjugal relations and designedly frustrate the natural effect of such relations. This is a perversion which right-thinking people admit is a violation of natural order.

The Ten Commandments are the bases of all moral laws, though they do not spell out every violation of morality. The infraction of the virtues pertinent to these commandments is implicitly condemned by them. Thus, the Sixth Commandment, "Thou shalt not commit adultery," mentions by name only adultery, but under this term comes every external violation of the virtue of chastity, whether alone or with others; the Ninth Commandment forbids all internal thoughts and desires against the same virtue.

Your friend is in a nervous condition and her ability to reason calmly is no doubt affected. When she improves in health, it will be easier for her to see the perversion inherent in artificial contraception—enjoying marital rights and deliberately frustrating the natural effect. In other words, cheating. Onan did this, and the Bible says that God slew him on the spot, because he did "a detestable thing." (Gen. 38: 8-10)

Though the obligation to render the conjugal act is a serious one, nevertheless it admits of excusing causes, such

as grave danger to health or life. When real love exists between married partners, each one will be considerate of the other and not insist on rights when grave dangers are involved. In your friend's case, abstinence from conjugal relations seems to be indicated, either partially (rhythm) or completely. Marital relations should be exercised in a reasonable manner, not by blind and unreasoning passion, and avoidance of grave danger to health is a reasonable precaution. But, as said above, this may not be done by artificial contraception. It is a question not of the end but of the means to the end.

## Mitigated Evolution; Marist Sisters

*(1) Would you clarify for me the position of the Catholic Church in the matter of Darwinian theory of evolution? Are we Catholics permitted to take the view that there is some truth in it? (2) Please give me the name and address of the order of nuns mentioned in an article about Ed Sullivan in THE SIGN some time ago.*—NEW YORK, N. Y.

(1) It is permitted to Catholics to maintain as an hypothesis that the body of the first man, Adam, evolved from lower forms of life, until it was fit to receive from God a human soul. This hypothesis is called mitigated evolution. It must not be maintained as a proved fact, because up to date there is no proof of it. Should proof ever be presented, the Church would not hesitate to accept it.

(2) The community you inquire about is Marist Missionary Sisters, 863 Central Street, Framingham, Mass., who care for lepers in their missions.

## St. Vincent de Paul Society

*Will you please explain the activities of the St. Vincent de Paul Society. Is there a branch of this society in my vicinity?*—P. R.

The St. Vincent de Paul Society is an association of Catholic laymen who are devoted to the personal service of the poor by means of the spiritual and corporal works of mercy. The record of their work is most impressive. According to the *National Catholic Almanac* (1960), "in the past thirty-seven years, members of the Society in this country have distributed about \$95,861,663 to the poor. During a typical year, 629,602 visits were made to the homes of the poor and to various institutions, and over \$4,499,663 was expended. During the same period, members of the Society were instrumental in having 1,193 marriages validated, 3,363 baptisms arranged, and in inducing 5,073 persons to return to the practice of their religious duties." It is a Society of which the Church and our Blessed Lord are proud. Since it is established in most parishes, I presume that it is set up in your vicinity, but you should inquire of your pastor.

## No Water for Baptism

*What could be done if an infant was dying without baptism and there was no water or any other liquid available?*—FLINT, MICH.

This is a hypothetical question, but, presuming that the condition actually exists, there could be no conferring of baptism because the matter of the sacrament—water—was lacking. In the case of a dying infant, nothing could be done to supply for the sacrament, but in the case of an adult the desire of baptism would supply for the sacrament. No liquid other than water is valid matter for the administration of baptism. In revealing the necessity of baptism for salvation, our Lord explicitly mentioned water as the matter of it.



## Traveling and Abstinence

*Recently I heard that if you were traveling a long distance by ship, train, or airplane, you would be permitted to eat meat on Friday. Is this true?—TIGARO, ORE.*



The mere fact of travel is not a sufficient reason for non-observance of the precept of abstinence, because in modern means of transportation, especially on trains and ships, it is possible to obtain nourishing abstinence food.

Circumstances, however, may be connected with abstinence days that make its observance too difficult, e.g., lack of abstinence fare or sickness. In such a case, the law of abstinence would not have to be observed.

It could happen that some means of transportation, as ships, have obtained an indult from ecclesiastical authority, which would permit meat to be eaten on abstinence days. In such a case, travelers may take advantage of the indult without scruple, if they wish.

## Singing in Protestant Church

*May a Catholic who has been trained as a singer accept a singing engagement for weddings in Protestant churches? She feels that the money she would earn might help to further her training in her art. In the South, Catholic weddings are few in comparison with Protestant ceremonies.*

The Church forbids the faithful to participate in an active manner in non-Catholic religious services but permits passive attendance at them for serious reasons and provided there is no scandal. Therefore, it is forbidden to sing at Protestant weddings. The motive for so doing does not change the fact of active participation.

## Delayed Vocations for Women

*I have seen several references to delayed vocations, but they refer only to men. Is there no attention paid to delayed vocations for women?—FORT HUACHUCA, ARIZ.*

There is no organized program for delayed vocations for women, as there is for men, but some female religious communities extend the age limit to thirty years, and even beyond, for worthy aspirants. Such an extension could reasonably be considered "delayed."

## Baptismal Names; Marriage with Non-Christian

*(1) What names should be given to Catholics at baptism? Are equivalent names with the same meaning, also Old Testament names, and names like faith, hope, and charity permitted? Is a list of permitted names available? (2) Under what conditions, if any, may a Catholic marry a non-Christian?—BUFFALO, N. Y.*

(1) The Church wishes that only Christian names be given to the recipients of baptism. In order to insure this, the Church relies in great measure on the Christian sense of parents and guardians, but if they insist on conferring a non-Christian name on the child, the priest who baptizes is to give the child a Christian name and to insert both names in the baptismal register. Old Testament names of the saints and names like Faith, Hope, and Charity are permitted. Lists of Christian names in booklet and pamphlet form may be obtained at Catholic book stores.

(2) An invalidating impediment exists between a person baptized in the Catholic Church, or converted to it from heresy and schism, and an unbaptized person (infidel). It is called disparity of cult or worship. A dispensation may be given by the Church under the same conditions as for a mixed marriage, that is one between a baptized Catholic and a baptized non-Catholic. These conditions are: (1) a just and grave reason; (2) adequate guarantees that the faith of the Catholic party will not be endangered and that all children will be baptized and brought up in the Catholic faith only; and (3) moral certainty that the guarantees will be faithfully fulfilled.

## Mixed Marriages

*May a Catholic and a non-Catholic enter into a mixed marriage, if the non-Catholic party has been baptized? The children would be brought up Catholic.*

A mixed marriage of its nature, according to Canon Law, means one entered into between a baptized Catholic and a baptized non-Catholic who is a member of a heretical or schismatic sect. The Church most strictly forbids such marriages everywhere (Canon 1060), but a dispensation may be granted from the impediment under the following conditions: (1) There must be just and grave reasons; (2) the non-Catholic party must guarantee that he (or she) will remove all danger of perversion from the Catholic party, and both parties shall bind themselves by guarantees to baptize and educate all their children in the Catholic faith only; (3) there must be moral certainty that the guarantees will be fulfilled (Canon 1061). By means of these guarantees, danger to the faith is made as remote as possible.

## Requirements for Entering Religion

*Please discuss the requirements for entering a religious community of women. There is always confusion when this subject is brought up. I would appreciate the facts.—NORWICH, N. Y.*

The legal aspect of this matter is expressed in Canon 538 of the Code of Canon Law. It says, "Every Catholic who is not debarred by any legitimate impediment and is inspired by a right intention, and is fit to bear the burdens of the religious life, can be admitted into religion."

The first requirement is to be drawn to the religious life. A vocation, as it is popularly called, is a tendency or drawing, which may have been felt from childhood or have been experienced only in mature years. It may have come through reading or a mission or retreat, or from the sight of a religious whose example was striking.

When one feels this tendency and it persists, it is a sign that she has one of the requirements. But there are other conditions. There must not be any impediment preventing her admittance, as the necessity of caring for an aged father or mother—for this takes precedence—and she must be capable of bearing the burdens of the religious life; therefore, she must be of good health and of sound mind.

If this drawing continues, she should seek the advice of a confessor or director and reveal her motives for entering the religious state and the type of religion she desires. With this counsel, joined to prayer and other means of grace, she can confidently take the next step toward the fulfillment of her desires—application to the superior of the community. Many religious institutes of both men and women are constantly calling for recruits, as you can see from the pages of Catholic magazines and newspapers. The need is greater than the supply. If the essential conditions, as given above, were better known, more candidates would come forward.



Durocher, no "nice guy" with umpires

# THE MEAN NICE GUYS

Leo Durocher is credited with the saying, "Nice guys finish last." Did he really say it? Or mean it?

BY RED SMITH

■ A man wrote from Kokomo that he was "a phrase collector" and "would like to know what was the occasion when Leo Durocher said 'Nice guys finish last.' Not only what the occasion was but when (that is, what year) he said it."

It would be easy to answer "never," and then we could drop the subject and all go fishing. The answer would be almost true. Durocher never did phrase the line exactly as it has gone into the language, and he didn't mean what the line has come to mean, but he did say something close to it, and he was right.

It was the night of July 5, 1946, and the Brooklyn Dodgers were in the Polo Grounds to play the Giants. On the Dodgers' bench before the game, Red Barber, then the cornpone voice of Brooklyn baseball, was ribbing the manager about all the home runs the Giants had hit the day before.

"Home runs!" Durocher said. "Line drives and pop flies that would've been caught in another park!"

"They counted as home runs," Barber said. "Why don't you be a nice guy and admit they were home runs?"

"Nice guy!" Durocher said. "I've been around in baseball and I've met a lot of nice guys, and what did they ever do for me? Look over there on that bench. Did you ever meet a nicer guy than Mel Ott? Or those other Giants? And where are they? Last place.

"I'm not a nice guy, and I'm in first place, and nobody helped me get there except the other guys on this ball club, and they're not nice guys." (In those days, Branch Rickey's description of his Dodgers was "ferocious gentlemen.")

Brooklyn's Practically Peerless Leader sprang to his feet, paced down to the water cooler and back.

"Nice guys!" he said. "When I was in third place, did any of the nice guys in the league try to help me get to second? When I was second, did any of them say, 'Nice going, Leo, I hope you make first?' Now I'm in first place, and all the nice guys in this league want to knock me down, and that's the way it should be."

There was a great deal more before a troupe of baseball writers joined the others in the dugout and somebody said cheerfully, "Make room for some nice guys."

"Not here!" Leo shouted. "Over there! All the nice guys are over there—in last place!"

The whole colloquy was reported the next day in Frank Graham's column in the *New York Journal-American*, and like so much of what this man has written it went into the language, but this time it went in wrong. Condensed to a single, not completely accurate line which never appeared in the Graham column, it has been interpreted as a calculated sneer at Mel Ott and all other nice guys, as such.

It never had that meaning on Durocher's lips, though only the other day, fifteen years later, I read again that, with direct reference to Ott, Leo snarled, "Nice guys finish last." He didn't even snarl, although his was an impassioned speech. Though he had no wish to be like him, Durocher recognized and honored Ott for the nice guy he was and did not mean to imply that because Mel was nice, he was not a good manager of the Giants.

He was simply making a profession of faith. He was stating his philosophy of competition. He was agreeing with Mr. Kipling that life is strife and strife means life and no quarter given or

asked and devil take the hindmost. He meant that, given the chance to beat him in a ball game, Mel Ott wouldn't be a nice guy, and shouldn't.

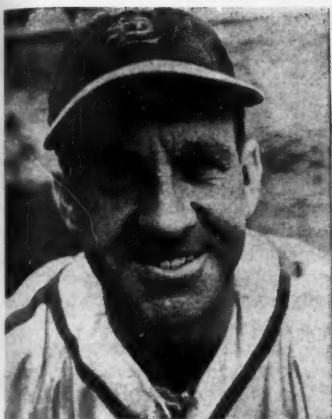
He was right. He was right when he said Durocher wasn't a nice guy. "Leo can be as charming as any man you've ever met," said Branch Rickey, who spent years trying to pluck this particular brand from the burning, "but back him into a corner and he's still a tough kid from East Hartford with the butt of a pool cue in his hand."

There was a wonderfully nice guy pitching for the Philadelphia Athletics during World War II, a young man named Russ Christopher, a good pitcher with a bad team and a bad heart that ultimately stopped beating. In 1944, he and all the other Athletics were rooting for the Detroit Tigers in a breathless race with the St. Louis Browns for the American League pennant. On their last night of the season in St. Louis, the Athletics, through horrid malfeasance, lost a game they should have won.

Aware that this might be the game that could cost Detroit the pennant—as indeed it was, for the Browns won on the very last day of the season, which they couldn't have done without that gift from Philadelphia—the players were ashamed to face the Tigers the next day in Detroit. They did, though, and Russ Christopher shut Detroit out with four or five hits.

"Gosh, I hated to do that," he said later to Earle Brucker, coach of the Philadelphia pitchers, "but I couldn't ease up on 'em."

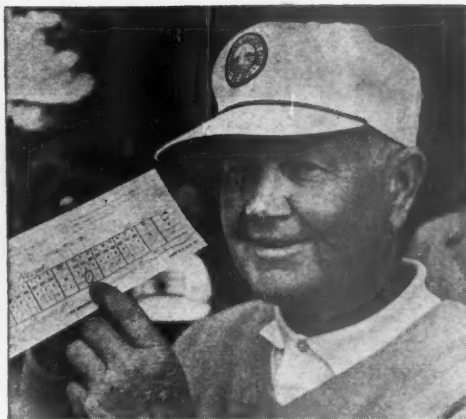
Brucker was aghast. "Ease up on 'em!" he stormed. "Don't ever let me hear you say a thing like that again! What did any one of those guys ever do



*Slaughter slid home, spikes first*



*Jack Dempsey, killer in the ring*



*Byron Nelson, like a "big tomcat"*

for you? Did any one of 'em ever put a piece of bread on your plate?"

This is what Durocher was trying to say, and this is why baseball is honest and admirable, and anybody who finds this attitude offensive has too weak a stomach for sincere competition. Maybe Early Wynn, the pitcher with hatred of hitters built into his glare, expressed it best when it was said he was so mean he wouldn't give his mother a good pitch to hit:

"Don't forget, mother was a helluva hitter."

Nor is this attitude, without which no one can excel in any competition, confined to baseball or even to the bread-and-butter sports of the professionals. In the sometimes painfully polite game of amateur tennis, nobody ever was more courtly than that paragon of punctilio, Bill Tilden.

■ Warming up before a match, he would volley patiently with his adversary, observing all the forms. "Ready when you're exhausted, partner," he would say sweetly—and then he would eat the other guy alive.

Golfers love to refer to their sport as "a gentleman's game." In fact, they use the expression so often a fellow can't help wondering if they're not just a wee bit worried about guys who don't count every stroke. So did you ever watch that sterling gentleman, Ben Hogan, through the whole of a tournament like the National Open?

He'd check in from Texas all smiling and tanned and relaxed. By the final round his face would be gaunt and gray, his lips compressed in a straight, cruel line. He was ready to devour anyone between him and victory, and devour them all he did, four times.

Byron Nelson was another of those hungry Texans with a sunburned neck and disciplined manners. A nice guy. Byron has a broad mouth and high cheekbones, and when competitive pressure was on him, there'd be a wide, cat-like grin fixed on his face.

"Like a great big tomcat," a fellow said once, "asking himself, 'Shall I eat him now, or play with him one more hole?'"

Jack Dempsey is a notoriously nice guy. Grantland Rice called this ex-hobo, this roughest of fist-fighters, the truest gentleman he'd ever met—using the classic definition of "gentleman" as one who would not needlessly give pain.

A few years ago in Nashville there was a testimonial for Fred Russell, then completing twenty-five years on the *Nashville Banner*. Nice guys came from all over—Bobby Jones, Red Grange, Bill Corum, and Dempsey, who had to travel a sleepless night to make it. Arriving in town, Jack bought a watch for Fred, then sought out two or three guys, and asked them to make the presentation. They declined, wanting no credit for Jack's thoughtfulness.

So Dempsey slipped the watch to Freddy under the table. He wouldn't make the formal presentation, lest it seem ostentatious. He is that kind of guy, yet the rumor persists—as it has for forty-two years—that he was "loaded" when he demolished Jess Willard for the heavyweight championship of the world July 4, 1919.

In the fight-mob dictionary, "loaded" doesn't mean drunk. It means reinforced. Nice guys in boxing know that if you bandage your fighter's hands with tape coated with powdered plaster of paris and then accidentally slop water into his gloves, the powder be-

comes cement. Personally, I don't believe it happened July 4, 1919, but it has happened.

There is also Rocky Marciano, who had forty-nine fights and won forty-nine and on only six occasions neglected to slug his opponent senseless. Probably the first important decision Rocky ever made for himself was to retire; for a while before that, the Army had done his thinking for him, and then his manager did. Now he had to decide on a business proposition where half a dozen guys whom he liked were bidding.

"Why don't you sign up with Bill here?" a friend said. "You trust him, and you know very well that he'll do a good job."

"Yeah," Rocky said, "but you don't understand. You see—uh, I don't mind knocking a fella out, I just don't want to hurt anybody's feelings."

To get back to Leo Durocher and 1946, he and the Dodgers didn't stay in first place, after all, nor the Giants in last. Some wonderful nice guys named Stan Musial and Red Schoendienst and Marty Marion and Joe Garagiola won the pennant for St. Louis under a great guy named Eddie Dyer. They also won the World Series from the Red Sox.

The series was tied at three games each and the seventh game was tied, three to three, when Enos Slaughter singled in the eighth. With two out, Harry Walker doubled to center, and Slaughter took off. He rounded second and he rounded third. He came into the plate spikes first, ahead of the relayed throw. It was the winning run, and if his grandmother had been blocking the plate, he would have cut her to the gizzard—a nice guy.



# "BAFFLEGAB"

## how we hide behind words

BY DANIEL JOSEPH



■ "Somewhere along the line of semantic progress, the common cold became a virus, depression became a recession, and recession became a rolling adjustment. It could be that we're naïve, but we still insist that more creative ability is required to use good words tellingly than to coin new ones."

This unusual, paid commercial for plain talk was placed in the *New York Times'* annual review of the United States economy by an advertising agency which also promised: "English is spoken here . . . and written, too." But to collectors of double talk, defined by *Webster's New World Dictionary* as "ambiguous and deceptive talk," the advertising agency was crying out in a national wilderness of verbiage, hyperbole, and persiflage that add up to double talk. Sooner or later, almost everyone is caught sugar-coating the facts, dressing the wolf in sheep's clothing, putting costume jewelry in a Tiffany box.

Since the road to verbal confusion is littered with double talk, its collectors are as busy as street cleaners after a ticker-tape parade up Broadway. They find examples of double talk from the atomic scientist to the politician, from the housewife to the boss's secretary, from the halls of ivy to the corridors of the Pentagon. After all, the do-it-yourself of double talk is simple enough: Never say anything directly and simply; avoid plain talk; use pretentious words when possible.

The following collector's items, complete with translations, come from both professional and amateur double talkers, for in the Affluent Society, people get paid to ornament the ordinary and disguise the mercenary. And in our Scientific Society, experts must wear the right words, while in our Polite Society men and women can't always say exactly what they mean. So into all our lives at least a little double talk must come.

In Washington, the capital of important decisions and words to match them, it is well known that in order to "activate" a "program" it is necessary to call in "consultants" and to "implement" their work by organizing a "committee." Letting the air out of the officialese, knowledgeable observers of bureaucracy can offer the following translations:

Program — any assignment that cannot be completed by one phone call.

Activate — to make carbons and add more names to the memo.

## We all use words. But what do we use them for? What do the words mean?

Consultant — any ordinary man more than fifty miles from home.

Implement — hire more people and expand the office.

Committee — the unwilling picked from the unfit to do the unnecessary.

Among social scientists, double talk even has been given a special name — "socspeak" — by C. Wright Mills, a biting critic of his fellow sociologists. He accuses some colleagues of saying in effect: "I know something that is so difficult you can understand it only if you first learn my difficult language." He complains that scientific language is being abused rather than used. In fact, one anonymous sociologist has translated the titles of all-time best sellers into "socspeak," as follows: "Severe International Tensions and Cross-National Reintegration" — *War and Peace*. "Gerontology of the Single Male in a Marine Environment" — *The Old Man and the Sea*. "Deviant Behavior and Sanctions" — *Crime and Punishment*. "Anticipatory Socialization toward Royalty" — *The Man Who Would Be King*. "Recent Developments in Balkan Penology" — *The Prisoner of Zenda*. "A Longitudinal Study of a Three-Man Military Group" — *The Three Musketeers*. "Task Orientation in the Nineteenth Century Whaling Industry" — *Moby Dick*.

The most popular financial columnist in the country, a lady named Sylvia Porter, has indicated the "bafflegab" of the economists and politicians worried about public reaction to depression talk. The economy experienced a "great pause" in a "completely new economic environment" during a "phase of economic turbulence." At one point last winter, a statistician told a congressional committee: "At the present time no major forces are in sight to provide the upward thrust needed for resumption of economic growth."

Since businessmen hesitate to say loudly, "Making money makes us feel good," their statements often sound like the following found in a trade magazine:

"Growth in our business is more important than in other industries. Sometimes people think that this drive is just a manifestation of dissatisfaction with the *status quo*. Actually, growth is vital for morale purposes. Ours is a business of people, and nothing gives them a greater psychological lift than the realization that they are participating in the growth of a vibrant company. We are growing and our morale has never been higher than it is today."

Or as a new auto-company president said on taking office, "My biggest single problem as president will be product planning." In Detroit, that means he is out to sell cars.

A flower nursery in New Jersey went to extremes to be technically exact in mail order advertisements for "Chrysanthemum maximum," except that customers were surprised to learn they were buying daisies!

Scientists at the Atomic Weapons Research Establishment in England have arranged a chain reaction of definitions for the terms used in confidential evaluations of personnel. In their monthly newsletter, they noted that a man may be called abstruse (mumbles), forceful (shouts), observant (watches the girls), unobservant (near the retiring age), bright (agrees with me), good manager (gets others to do the work), or energetic (a nuisance) and that he can have many outside interests (watches television).

Nor is a man's job immune from double talk. Dishwashers are assistant chefs, airline waitresses are stewardesses, traveling salesmen are manufacturer's representatives, newspapermen are journalists, press agents are public relations counselors, secretaries are administrative assistants, janitors are superintendents, and hospital superintendents are hospital administrators. Even a garage becomes a lubritorium.

Lord Courtdown, head of office administration for Britain's giant Imperial Chemical Industries, says a person's title is becoming the most important aspect of his job. "Even typists want to be called secretaries, secretaries personal assistants, and so on up the scale. Wives are to blame for much of the new snobbery. They would much rather be able to say that my husband is so-and-so than just say he works for ICI."

Some collectors must travel to Florida's Sanibel Island for sea shells or to the pari-mutuel windows at Aqueduct for discarded, daily-double tickets, but a collector of double talk only has to sit still and listen — even sometimes to himself.

When you are a guest for dinner and are about to get deathly ill from the food, you tell the housewife that you "have never tasted anything like this before." She replies, "Oh, it was really nothing," but she really means, "It took hours to prepare, and if you hadn't loved my fillet of veal with kidney en casserole, you'd never set foot in this house again."

When a schoolteacher is asked about Alexander's behavior in school, she replies that he is "somewhat expressive but under supervision he does co-operate." She probably means that the "little monster should be handcuffed to the desk, I'm afraid to take my eyes off him."

When a young father points out to his mother-in-law that "times have changed since you brought up Jane," he means, "Mind your own business, we will bring up Junior our way."

When a secretary asks who is phoning and then says the boss "is tied up all day in a conference," she probably means that he doesn't want to talk to you.

Says a college boy to his roommate in arranging a blind date with the captain of the girls' field hockey team, "She's plain-looking, you might say, but she has a lot of personality."

Says a wife before telling her husband that she smashed in the front of the family car, "Don't you think it's about time we traded in our car?"

Says the car salesman to the husband, "I am giving you a special trade-in price for your old car, even though I regard it as suitable only for junk, because I like you and your wife."

Says the husband to both his wife and the car salesman, "I had been planning to trade the car in anyway."

Generally, double talk is a localized infection, involving minor distortions of language and meaning, but in its extreme forms it leads to gibberish. In *Webster's New World Dictionary*, the second definition of double talk is "meaningless syllables made to sound like talk; gibberish." Bergen Evans, celebrated authority on words, calls double talk "a process in which the speaker deliberately uses confusing nonsense in order to triumph at the listener's bewilderment. The victim, after he has been bored and insulted, is expected to applaud the speaker's wit."

Professor Mario Pei's comment in *The Story of Language* is alarming. "*Glossolalia* is the scientific name given to the creation of language by the insane. Often the terms coined by insane persons have a weird and peculiar charm, like *farizitocercia*, *sirrope*, *tsch-ario*, *moemndiana*, *ariotoebilium*, *dauidapulom*, *aprovia*, *astraeideo*, *adula* and *atrobis*. . . . There is, of course, a form of glossolalia which is occasionally used by the sane for very definite purposes. It is known as double talk and is equally meaningless."

BY KATHERINE BURTON

# Woman to Woman



## A Lovely Old Play

● During four Sunday mornings in June, on C.B.S.'s "Look Up And Live" program, was one which was, I hope, seen by a great many people, especially Catholics. I saw the first one, because I had read a brief statement about its being the portrayal of a long-ago Coventry mystery play. I missed none of the four and found them thoroughly enthralling. We have had many teams or panels of serious speakers, many dialogue, monologue, or even pentologue affairs, and it is sadly true that, no matter how erudite, talk back and forth grows wearisome after a while to listeners. A little *joie de vivre* is needed—and maybe a few women talking would help, even if they were permitted only to ask artless questions to provoke deep answers. The National Council of Catholic Men, who co-sponsored the Coventry program along with C.B.S., did some years ago suggest women on their programs, and I was among those tapped. It went no further. Later, I learned that some among the members had decided "no women."

Years before that, the Paulists had a radio program, fifteen minutes every evening. I, a wide-eyed convert to the Church, listened, eager for good spiritual food, and I got it. But after a while, the good food palled a little and I found myself yawning. Evidently others grew weary of sermon after sermon, too: contributions fell off, and the program went off the air. Some years later, when I was working on a biography of their founder, Isaac Hecker, I was taken to their research library, and it was the site of the former radio station—blue bulbs and other lighting, red push-buttons and green, all still there, but now forlorn and useless. I remembered all those excellent talks, night after night.

The National Council of Catholic Men has now made up to me for any possible irritation with air media. This Coventry play is not any talking about religion: it *is* religion. The original was played in Coventry, England, more than five hundred years ago, a lengthy affair which portrayed everything from the creation to the last judgment. In the Middle Ages and later, the great cathedral windows which depicted the stories from Old and New Testaments were called "Bibles of the Poor," for few people could read then, but there they saw their religion acted out. And so it was with these plays.

This modern adaptation is very different, for the original play took a month to perform completely. It is the work of a skilled group of people—the Marquette Players, of whom, to my regret, I had never heard, though I have a fair knowledge of Catholic arts of today. Their present director is a young Jesuit, Father John Walsh. Since 1926, they have been a part of the university in Milwaukee, and some of their graduates are today in the professional field. Certainly their performance here showed something of, if I may use an overworked word, genius, and also it showed hard work and a fine perception of what they are attempting. Several years ago, they had an invitation to put on this

play in France at a great music festival; they could not go, because no fund-bearing sponsor appeared. Next year they are invited again, this time to Germany, and let us hope a sponsor appears this time so that the Old World may see what we can do with professional amateurs. Their finished work should be heralded far and wide, especially by Catholics, for here you have an ageless concept modernized but still the same, still everlasting in its poetical concept of the alpha and the omega of the Christian life. You have reality and beauty and faith.

Best of all, the whole thing is believable, made so by the pantomime, the fine dancing, the voices which carry out all the roles. There are plenty of women in it, too, in addition to the dancers, especially a pathetic Eve and a lovely Mary, who hold a very real and greatly interested baby. Perhaps most fascinating of all is the devil, who looks very annoyed with this interference with his plans and who is half-angel, half-predatory-bird, with a human and aristocratic face.

The entire performance from first to last has a deep fidelity to the canons of both the Faith and those of art. Keats' "Beauty is truth, truth beauty" is debatable on some grounds, I know, but here somehow it seems authentic.

One moral here is no doubt that it is necessary for those who put on a Catholic program to realize that, no matter how great the theme, how fine the advice, how rolling the dialogue, people grow weary of words. They want music, too. I like listening to men, honestly I do, but I rather feel one sermon on Sunday is enough. Yet in such a play as this we have an application of all sorts of sermons and, though the great truths must be repeated again and again, it is nice now and then to have it done with hearts and flowers, so to speak, added to the words.

It seems to me that this Coventry play, reduced in length to less than two hours, could well be shown to high schools and in parish halls. Whether this is feasible I do not know. But at least it should have been possible for word to be sent to churches so that priests could announce it along with other pulpit announcements on Sundays. For it is no small or unimportant thing to speak thus for beauty, when it is also the truth—the Catholic truth. Some of this play, I learn, may be repeated at Christmas time on TV. If so, I hope all the people who missed it now will see it then. I also hope that people, either with large sums or many small ones, will be interested enough to underwrite this production as the American part of next year's music festival abroad. I say this because the production has made me dream: I can think of no better message to the Old World from us in the New. It represents the ideals which, despite gunsmoke plays and plays of cheap desire we have sent them, are still strong in us. It portrays with great truth, being both ancient and modern in concept, the one overwhelming truth, the great hope, the great promise for a world which needs the spiritual to preserve what is worth while in the material.



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# LORD OF THE WORLD

BY ROBERT O'HARA, C.P.

*Christ traced the sign of the cross on all things. The whole world belongs to the Crucified*

TOWARD THE END of our Lord's public life, the Jews attempted to stone Him because, as St. John records the clash, "thou, being a man, makest thyself God." In their judgment, His claim to divinity was a blasphemous pretension worthy of death by stoning as the Law prescribed. St. John goes on to tell us that "they sought, therefore, to take him; and he escaped out of their hands." As the evangelist explained it on another occasion, "his hour had not yet come." But, at last, His hour did come, and His enemies laid violent hands upon Him and put Him to death, not now by stoning, but by the horrible punishment of crucifixion.

The evangelists report that as He hung upon the cross close by the road which led into the city, they that passed derided Him and His claims by challenging Him: "If thou be the Son of God, come down from the cross." "If thou be the king of the Jews, save thyself." "Let him save himself, if he be

the Christ, the elect of God." If, if, if! Impossible conditions to the Jews. The logic of the situation was irrefutable, and it led inexorably to death on the cross. He was just another pretender, but the most dangerous of them all.

History, however, shows that the Crucifixion of Christ had its own unanswerable logic. Short days after the hammer and the nails and the spear had done their work, Peter stood before the same Jewish people and proclaimed: "Therefore, let all the house of Israel know most assuredly that God has made both Lord and Christ, this Jesus whom you crucified." "Lord and Christ" . . . to a Jewish audience the meaning was plain: He whom they had crucified was both Messiah and God. The very title revealed that His power was unlimited, embracing in its scope everything in time and space. The titles "Lord and Christ" and "Lord Jesus" appeared in the Christian vocabulary from the very beginning and were

central to the Christian understanding of Christ. Their implications were clear not only to the Jews but to the whole pagan world, which had grown used to kings and emperors who were regarded as divinities and lords of the world.

Throughout the apostolic writings, we find the expression of our Lord's unique identity and place in the world. For example, St. Paul tells us in soaring words: "And this his good pleasure he purposed in him to be dispensed in the fullness of the times: to reestablish all things in Christ, both those in the heavens and those on the earth." Thus, in His Epistle to the Ephesians, and similarly to the Colossians: "For it has pleased God the Father that in him all his fullness should dwell, and that through him he should reconcile to himself all things, whether on the earth or in the heavens, making peace through the blood of his cross." He was born "in the fullness of time"; He is "the Alpha and the Omega"; all things

are ours, and we are "Christ's, and Christ is God's." In the wisdom and power of God, the coordinates of time and space meet and cross in the cross.

There is a very early tradition that Calvary was the very center of the earth and also that the cross was rooted in the very spot where Adam was buried. There is no basis for this tradition, of course, but this "myth" embodies the profound insight which the early Christians had of the central role which Christ Crucified played in the history of the world. His kingdom was not identified with inner feelings merely. The Saviour didn't save only "souls"; He saved whole men, bodies as well as souls, whole families as well as individuals, kingdoms as well as families, the earth as well as the realm of the spirit.

**W**ITHIN a century, the faithful saw in the Eucharistic offering of the bread and wine not only the oblation of the Body and Blood of Christ but even the offering to God of the whole world of creation in "the offering of the firstlings of creation." They were dynamized by a vision which penetrated beyond "the flaming ramparts of the world" even to the stars. Thus, St. Irenaeus, just two generations after the death of the last apostle, wrote: "He is the word of the all powerful God of whom the invisible splendor is shed throughout the entire world; He continues, then, to exercise His influence in the world in all its length, and breadth, and depth. Through the Word of God, all is under the influence of the economy of redemption; the Son of God has been crucified for the universe; He has traced the sign of the cross on all things."

In his turn, St. Augustine gave eloquent testimony to the all pervasive influence of our Lord, when he wrote: "Christ is the rock of our physics, our ethics, our logic." In other words, for the great doctor, it would be unthinkable that there be no vital contact between the Master and the world of science and philosophy. Going further, he could repeatedly and in many ways proclaim that, in all the long history of humanity, there existed only One Man and He was the Incarnate Son of God. The sweep of His power reached from the man in the cave to the last man in the last cataclysm. And all these men were not solitary units in lonely isolation one from the other, but rather they were gathered into the people of God and ordered in the great City of God which began in time but reached full flower in eternity.

From this brief sampling of doctrine,

it is evident that there must be no violent separation of worlds within this world. The interests of Christ and Caesar and, as Pascal would add, Archimedes are distinct; they are not antagonistic. They can be, and must be co-ordinated without forced fusion into an unnatural union. Yet, they must not be pried apart into suspicious and hurtful enmities. The keystone which must sustain these stresses and convert them into a thing of beauty rather than destruction is Christ and Him Crucified, the Creator and the Redeemer of the world.

That Christ is the center of the world and the goal of history is a truth and is not discoverable by reason alone. Nor is the modern world any more prepared to recognize His unique position than in former times. Typical of this revolt is the attitude of a contemporary historian who has taken all history for his province and has concluded from what he has seen of the human condition that, "out of a spirit of irreverence," he must reject the claim that there is anything unique about Christ or that "this self-sacrificing deed of 'emptying Himself' must be confined to one place and one only." What to the ancient Jews was a scandal and to the Greeks foolishness is to the present-day humanist still nonsense.

There are also those others in our modern world who refuse to regard our Saviour as a key to the understanding of the world because there can be no such understanding. There is only chaos. Only pin-points of being surrounded by nothingness. There is no reasonable setting in which to arrange these separate units. Man is absurd because there is no good reason for his existence in the first place and no shining goal to justify his efforts. Life is only a disgusting experience. The doctrine of the cross doesn't make sense, because nothing makes sense. There is only one genuine virtue, the strength of soul necessary to face the emptiness and not falter, to accept the truth that if you cry out in the darkness and no one answers, it is because there is no one there.

This is not the courage of the Crucified, who, when His hour had come upon Him, embraced it totally, saying: "Father, the hour has come! Glorify thy Son, that thy Son may glorify thee, even as thou hast given him power over all flesh, in order that to all thou hast given him he may give everlasting life." Viewed from the vantage point of the cross, the world is full of pattern, purposeful movement, triumph, but this is so only when seen from the cross.

There are others who hesitate to conclude to the absurdity of life, but

discern nothing beyond its ambiguity. Truth and falsehood, good and evil, are never sharply defined. The most one can hope for are probabilities, approximations. For them, the Crucified was done to death on conflicting opinions.

Even among His followers, there can be those who see things too narrowly. They look, indeed, to the Crucified for the wisdom of God, but they interpret that wisdom only as a practical ethic. Burdened with their personal share of the world's ills, they look to Him to show them how to endure. But the dimensions of the cross are wider than that. They reach from time to eternity, from one end of the world to the other. His salvation did not consist in showing us how to save ourselves.

We must elevate our sights and widen our vision. We must see ourselves and know our mission as He saw us and our work from the cross. When He bowed His head in death, the finished task involved our power to continue the redemptive work. It is our privilege and our duty to make the world of our day, in all its manifestations, His world. We must keep free of the tendency, which is becoming more and more evident around us, to regard the natural as evil, and even the scientific as satanic. As in the beginning, so also from the cross, God looked out upon the world and saw it as good.

**W**E must fight any tendency to withdraw into ourselves, to reduce the mighty energies of the cross to individual pieties. We must not shrink the kingdom of God to the confines of the family, the neighborhood, the parish, the nation. To erect barriers of custom, language, color, social status, or nationalism is to falsify the vision and neutralize the power. The whole world belongs to the Crucified, not just that portion of it where we stand.

Pope Pius XII, of blessed memory, looking back over the past centuries, said, "They were centuries of civilization because they were centuries of religion." We can see our vocation in the light of that principle. The mystery of the cross is not only an object for contemplation; it is a program of action. It is important that we find a place for the Crucified within the framework of history; it is even more important that we establish the historical within the economy of redemption. Our Incarnate Saviour consecrated the world by being born into it, by living and working in it, by dying for it. He consecrated the temporal by entering into the measure- and movement of time. He continues to live and work and suffer and redeem in us and through us until He comes.

# BOOK REVIEWS

## Phyllis McGinley—Poet of Wit and Wisdom

BY KATHERINE BREGY



Phyllis McGinley

Many are ready to voice dissent when the annual Pulitzer prizes for Journalism and Letters are announced. Especially in the field of poetry do the judges have difficulty in pleasing the critics. Robert Frost, a four-time winner, was an exception

in this respect. And this year, when the award for poetry went to Phyllis McGinley, we were delighted.

Phyllis McGinley has vindicated "light verse," no little thing in a literary field that ranges all the way from Herrick to the latest wisecrack. She has not only shown that light verse can be artistic as well as popular, but the message of her words has added to the sanity and piety, as well as to the gaiety, of the nations. Obviously, we are dealing with a woman of uncommon wit and wisdom.

Phyllis McGinley illustrates how the Irish got around. Her grandparents were from the Old Country; her parents, from the Confederate South, went to live in Oregon, where Phyllis was born. She attended Colorado country schools. (She and her brother rode their ponies to the school of the Sacred Heart at Ogden.) After completing high school, she went to the University of Utah and later attended the University of California.

While at college, she began publishing poetry, in which she had dabbled since childhood. And it was one of her professors who, probably sensing the gift for irony which went along with her verbal dexterity, detoured her youthful seriousness toward the demanding delights of so-called "light verse."

With this versatile and vigorous background, the young woman went to New York City about 1929, on the eve of the Great Depression. After an interval of high-school teaching, she joined the editorial staff of *Town and Country*. In 1934 came her first book of verse, *On the Contrary*, soon followed by *A Pocketful of Wry*, both with characteristic rhymes and such prophetic refrains as "Why wasn't I born a Problem Child?" and "Some of My Best Friends are Women."

Then, in 1937, began her marriage with Charles ("Bill") Hayden, an art-

loving, New York business executive. Immediately and "with no struggle at all" she resigned her editorial work. And "for the score or more of years since then," she declares that she has been "a full-time wife" with the "part-time avocation" of literature. Just what this tender and understanding companionship has meant may be gathered from several of her more serious poems, particularly the beautiful sonnet beginning:

"Stay near me, speak my name . . ."

It is evident also in many humorous references to her husband's highly original sense of humor and incorrigible optimism and, above all, in the parting shot of her essay on "How to Get Along with Men": "In a successful marriage there is no such thing as one's way. There is only the way of both, only the bumpy, dusty, difficult, but always mutual path."

Obviously one fruit of the sunny home in Larchmont, New York, has been Mrs. Hayden's notorious championship of "Suburbia" against the charge of mediocrity on one side and country club profligacy on the other. In a deeper sense, the family background shines out in the warmly sympathetic yet unsentimental references to her daughters, Julie and Patricia—both now young college girls, in spite of their mother's strictures upon the failure of most college courses to prepare women for normal womanhood. The essence of these comments on contemporary life is in the prose volume, *The Province of the Heart*.

Phyllis McGinley is a woman of convictions—does she not poke fun at herself, as only a charming person can, in the refrain "I wish I didn't talk so much at parties!" But through her verse these convictions steal out indirectly; even the Catholic instinct emerging by implication in a way to reach and intrigue a secular public, as in that unique series "Saints Without Tears."

Here we come upon brief but vivid sketches of Patrick, the only man in Christendom who "talked the Irish down," and little Saint Brigid, who "would give everything away"—her own and her long-suffering family's. We are introduced blithely to Philip Neri, "the merriest man alive," and heart-shakingly to her own favorite, the martyred "family man," Sir Thomas More. Nor does Miss McGinley hesitate to quote the hard-pressed Teresa of Avila's plaint to God: "If this is the way you treat your friends, no wonder you have so few"; or to muse on the eccentricity which sometimes accompanies sanctity, as in Simeon Stylite's performance upon his pillar, which "puzzled many a Desert Father, And I think it puzzled the good Lord, rather."

It is pleasant to know that more of

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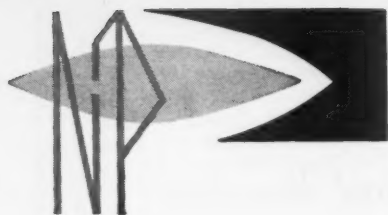
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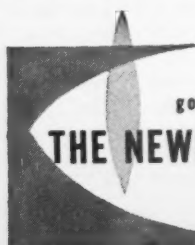
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these verses on the saints are in preparation. Meanwhile, her subjects have skipped from "Meditations During a Permanent Wave" to the inevitable growing up of children, from publishers' teas or the plays of T. S. Eliot to the calm radiance of a Sunday morning, which seems verily "the day which the Lord hath made." Many of the happiest of these verses are in the volume *Love Letters of Phyllis McGinley*. And now comes a selection from all her poems in the fat volume *Times Three*, which won the recent Pulitzer award. Some few years back, she wrote a rather curious poem "In Praise of Diversity." Few words could better describe her own work, with its ingenious and unpredictable rhymes, its satire, its sweetness, and its stimulating essays and even an engaging series of children's books. The term applies almost as aptly to the appreciation which has come her way: membership in the National Institute of Arts and Letters, awards from the Christophers, the Poetry Society of America, and the Catholic Institute of the Press, to name but a few.

It isn't easy to pick the favorite from a thirty-year harvest of verse, but I think my own vote would go to the poignant quatrain Phyllis McGinley built from an old nursery rhyme. "A Choice of Weapons" she calls it:

"Sticks and stones are hard on bones.  
Aimed with angry art,  
Words can sting like anything.  
But silence breaks the heart."

A true poet wrote that—and a true woman, who insists that there is no real preparation for life "except love and common sense."

## CHRISTIANS IN THE WORLD

By Jacques Leclercq.  
Sheed & Ward.

174 pages.  
\$3.50

Some readers will disagree with Louvain's Canon Leclercq's theory in the first part of his new book that priests must confine their activities solely to spiritual things. All will agree with him, however, in the latter

part of his work that the sacraments and spiritual works are designed to develop Christ within the individual.

Dogmatically he maintains that the function of the Church is to transform souls through the means of grace and that the laity who have been filled with grace must transform the world. Priests are to care for spiritual things, for which they are qualified; laymen are to care for temporal things affecting the church, for which they are better



Jacques Leclercq

qualified. He quotes examples of theologians from the time of St. Thomas Aquinas to the present who brought only inconveniences to the Church from their attempts to settle temporal problems.

His plea for lay participation in Church-temporal affairs is not new, but it is startlingly presented. He likewise jolts apathetic Catholics with his contentions that there must be more cooperation among religious communities in Church projects, that contemplatives must add action in the world to their pursuit of sanctification, and that the sacraments are primarily for the growth of Christ within the individual.

Father Leclercq's work is well translated from the French by Kathleen Pond, who retains the original, forceful, jarring style. He writes convincingly because he draws upon history, common sense, and our Lord's teachings to support his views. Both the clergy and the laity will find him stimulating but extremely uncomfortable.

FERDINAND J. WARD, C.M.

## GONE TOMORROW

By Roger B. Dooley.  
Bruce.

369 pages.  
\$4.95

In this long but continuously interesting novel, Roger Dooley completes his planned trilogy about linked American-Irish families over the years in Buffalo. *Days Beyond Recall* appeared in 1949; *The House of Shanahan* in 1952. The time intervals have their importance, especially in the gap between the second volume and this new book. It can, and in many ways should, stand alone. Indeed, the book jacket ignores the two books of which this is, in a sense, correlative.

That is as it should be; for Mr. Dooley has grown greatly in writing craftsmanship and, more importantly, in a truer, compassionate companionship with his characters. Individually, they are the same Crowley, Fitzmahons, Shanahans, and O'Farrells—but grown older, even elderly. The period of the novel proper is from 1929 to 1932; but a prologue and epilogue set in 1959 make a frame for the characters and their happenings in the present, rounding out the trilogy.

Rose Shanahan is again the chief protagonist; but it is a warmer, more rounded Rose, whom Mr. Dooley understands completely now if he was a little tentative about her before. But all the varied characters are now molded with more warmly understanding hands. And the emphasis on dramatic, even theatrical, situations to which Mr. Dooley has



Roger Dooley

been too prone in this book in reasonable restraint. An important part of the book, and of the writer's new maturity, is interwoven in the tangled plot skeins. It is an unobtrusive, but patent, and deserved tribute to the American-Irish Catholic girls of the last and an earlier generation who served with such distinction as teachers in our public schools. Their faith was more than consonant with their devoted teaching of the American way of life.

DORAN HURLEY.

## ADAM

By David Bolt.  
John Day Co.

143 pages.  
\$3.00

It seems appropriate that Mr. Bolt's version of the life of Adam and Eve before and after the Fall is presented in twenty-two short chapters, suggestive of the genius-in-economy of his inspired source, the Hebrew narratives of Genesis.

If there is a way to translate the candor and depth of biblical history, this is it. The work, of course, is not history nor a translation. It is a creation, but not from nothing, evolved without violence in the womb of mystery.

"Behemoth" and "the Dragon" are probable in themselves, not "very like" whatever their creator would have them. Here is an Eve that Bloy could recognize, the Adam we find in us all.

The writing is tight but not turgid, vigorous yet delicate. It is art without tricks of syntax or semantics; no tired prose exhausted in the lush of self-consciousness. It is clean art, dew-fresh with the simplicity of integrity, the beauty of proportion.

Inventions are plausible, temptations credible, dialogue natural. God is present, not contrived; sin is evil, not a blunder.

Mr. Bolt knows where he is going. He has written a meditation for the reader who does not run.

HILARY SWEENEY, C.P.

## PERE JACQUES

By Michael Carrouges.  
Macmillan.

269 pages.  
\$4.95

A man of many facets and seeming contradictions was Père Jacques, French Carmelite priest, contemplative, teacher, leader of men. He is remembered now by those who knew him for his fire, his gentleness, his sense of comedy, above all, for his capacity for love.

This biography, based upon a mass of documents collected by his Order, includes the testimony of those who knew him as Lucien Bunel, son of a poor mill-worker, liveliest of companions, and a practical joker: a boy who wanted to become a Trappist monk.

Then there is the testimony, too, of survivors of Nazi concentration camps,

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Compiegne, Neuc-Breme, Mauthausen, Gisen, who are alive today because Père Jacques was himself a prisoner in those camps.

As a teacher, Père Jacques had a knack of stirring things up, knocking the dust from tradition, if possible. Remarked his superior, "One Abbé Bunel at St. Joseph's (school) is fine but two would be too much."

It was for sheltering three Jewish boys that Père Jacques was seized by the German Gestapo and thrown into the first of several concentration camps, each of which was another basement floor in the descent through hell.

Familiar as we are with survivor accounts of concentration-camp victims, one's mind cannot but recoil in horror at this outline of a cunningly planned society of crime, worked out to the minutest detail with machiavellian hate by madmen, a plan by which the insane incarcerated the sane.

Though Père Jacques shared the clubbings, humiliations, starvation, cold, and forced labor of his fellow victims, he was able to minister to them physically, spiritually, mentally, under the very noses of his captors.

Père Jacques died at the age of forty-four, three days after liberation. His cause has been introduced in Rome.

ANNE CYR.

### OLD HOUSE OF FEAR

By Russell Kirk.  
*Fleet.*

256 pages.  
\$3.95

Although many recognize Russell Kirk as one of the most articulate theoreticians of conservatism, few know that he is also an able writer of detective fiction. He is, as might well be suspected, as conservative in his mystery stories as he is in his political philosophy. Lest it be misunderstood, the term "conservative" need not have pejorative connotations, for by its very nature the mystery story must conform to traditional formulae. As Kirk himself notes in an introductory statement, his novel is "in an unblushing line of direct descent from *The Castle of Otranto*."



Russell Kirk

Readers of Walpole's eighteenth-century Gothic romance recall its medieval setting, its underground passages, trapdoors, twisting stairways, and dank dungeons. Kirk's narrative is woven of the same stuff on the same loom. Horror, mystery, and chivalry abound in this updated Gothic novel.

A promising, young, American lawyer, Hugh Logan, sets out for Carnglass, a fog-bound island beyond the Hebrides. His mission is to close on a real

estate deal. Upon landing on Carnglass, however, he discovers that the island he is to purchase is controlled by sinister agents of an enigmatic conspiracy. Led by Dr. Jackman, an evil man with "a third eye," they keep Lady MacAskival, rightful owner of Carnglass, imprisoned in Old House. Old House is a medieval castle of sorts, haunted, so Lady MacAskival believes, by her dead husband. Mary MacAskival, the beautiful red-headed niece of Lady MacAskival, falls in love with Hugh, and with her help he defeats the evil-doers at their own game. How he does so makes for a suspense-filled, eerie thriller.

GEORGE A. CEVASCO.

### THE EDGE OF SADNESS

By Edwin O'Connor.  
*Little, Brown.*

460 pages.  
\$5.00

Here is another outstanding novel by the author of *The Last Hurrah*, with less of the shock-wave satire and more understanding and feeling for the Irish American community. The story is related by Father Hugh Kennedy, a middle-aged priest, himself a far cry from the Hollywood stereotype of Galway pastor or golfing curate, but instead a sensitive, complex human being with his own peculiarly personal problems.



Edwin O'Connor

It is, indeed, Father Kennedy's courageous struggle with these problems which forms the always engrossing storyline in *Edge of Sadness*. But perhaps the most carefully limned characters in the book are those of the Carmody clan—three generations of them. And most unforgettable is the redoubtable figure of Old Charlie Carmody, the family tyrant and the epitome of the hard-fisted Irish slum landlord. Not a very lovable character, Charlie, but one nobody could readily ignore. There were some who thought him "the meanest person who ever drew on a pair of trousers," while others alleged that although Charlie might steal you blind in business, he never did anything mean just for the sake of being mean. There was no money in it.

There are minor but equally well-etched figures: Father Danowski, the naïve young Polish curate; Roy, the disappearing church janitor, who always spoke of himself in the third person; and the Carmody grandchildren, who found it so difficult to communicate with an older generation separated from them not only by a gap of years but by a wider chasm of differing educational backgrounds and social status.

This is distinctly a book to live with for a while. No mere *tour de force*,



is a study in depth of a culture come to age in a new and strange environment which has not always been hospitable.

VICTOR J. NEWTON.

## THE WINTER OF OUR DISCONTENT

By John Steinbeck.  
Viking.

311 pages.  
\$4.50



John Steinbeck

"Does anyone ever know even the outer fringe of another? What are you like in there? Mary, do you hear me? Who are you in there?" This is Ethan Allen Hawley speaking, hero of a new novel by John Steinbeck that explores the inside as well as the outer fringe of a man.

Hawley is a Harvard graduate working as a grocery clerk in the store he used to own and living through a winter of understandable discontent.

An inbred New Englander, he might just as easily have been a fading Southern aristocrat or descendant of a Western pioneer, a particular kind of man and also an "everyman," afraid of failure and tempted by easy success.

In his terse and tight style, shifting from author-told to character-telling story, Steinbeck presents simply, sometimes crudely, and always mercilessly, the disintegration of a scrupulous personality into a conniving, cheating man faced with regrets and despair.

The novel is a mature and disturbing study of today's man and an attack on



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► The sergeant was questioning a recruit who had just passed his physical.

"Did you go to grammar school?" he asked.

"Yes, sir," the recruit replied. "I also went through high school, was graduated *cum laude* from college, and completed three years of post-graduate studies."

The sergeant nodded approvingly. Then he stamped the questionnaire with one word: *Literate*.

—Michael Reeves

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RITA HUBBARD.

### LET US BEGIN

Simon & Schuster. 145 pages. \$1.95

The subtitle "The First 100 Days of the Kennedy Administration" clearly reveals the content of what the publishers call a "new kind of book." If it is new, its novelty depends on the fact that it consists of a number of "Commentaries" by Martin Agronsky, Eric Goldman, and others, together with what might be called "pictorial essays," photographs in groups by Cornell Capa, Henri Cartier-Bresson, and others.

For example, an article "The World's New Frontiers" by Barbara Ward dealing with the present international crisis is followed by a series of photographs by Inge Morath portraying the United Nations, its deliberations, and some of its delegates. In the same way, an essay on "Civil Rights" by Wallace Westfeldt, Jr., is supplemented by Henri Cartier-Bresson's photographs. In some cases, the offerings are entirely pictorial, as Nicolas Tikhomiroff's "War in Laos" or Marc Riboud's "Famine in the Kasai."

The value of the articles is ephemeral; although almost all well-written, their historical perspective is necessarily very slight. Much of the photography is magnificent. Much of it is also frightening. The photographs alone are worth the price of the book.

H. L. ROFINOT.

### POWER AND RESPONSIBILITY

By William H. Harbaugh. 568 pages.  
Farrar, Straus & Cudahy. \$7.50

Exactly thirty years have passed since Henry F. Pringle published his Pulitzer Prize winning *Theodore Roosevelt*. During this time, his has been, though not flawless, the standard one-volume biography. Professor Harbaugh's new work inevitably challenges comparison with Pringle's.

Where Pringle was sometimes critical of Roosevelt almost to the point of iconoclasm, Harbaugh is laudatory almost to the point of hero-worship. Where Pringle was readable and lively, Harbaugh is tedious and plodding. Where Pringle was a journalist turned historian, Harbaugh is a historian turned writer.

Certainly *Power and Responsibility* is a massive work of research. Twenty-six of its 568 pages are devoted to notes and bibliographical references, references which indicate that the author has exhausted practically all of the latest scholarship, both published and unpublished, on his subject. Every student of American history will be grateful for having this material for his use.

Mr. Harbaugh has also explored thoroughly every side of Roosevelt's career. He does not neglect Roosevelt's early courtship and marriage of Alice Lee, nor his desolation at her death. He goes deeply into T. R.'s relationship with President Taft, which ended in the abortive Progressive Party of 1912. He dwells at length upon Roosevelt's antipathy toward Woodrow Wilson, with its unhappy results both upon his own personality and on national affairs. In sum, both public career and personal life are completely considered.

Yet, withal, Roosevelt does not come to life under Mr. Harbaugh's hands. He remains a historic public figure who was important in our nation's past, who had an undoubted influence on world affairs, who dominated the Republican party for the better part of twenty years. He remains, however, the proverbial figure of stone. For a more vital and human person, with all his faults, we must still, I fear, turn to Mr. Pringle.

H. L. ROFINOT.

### THE HOUSE ON COLISEUM STREET

By Shirley Ann Grau. 242 pages.  
Knopf. \$3.50

The sickness that follows the flouting of fundamental moral laws of behavior pervades Miss Grau's unsavory story of a young New Orleans girl involved in a sordid love affair. It is a devastating illness that attacks the whole person, body and spirit, and results in boredom, disgust, and a sense of futility.

What happens to Joan Mitchell—the eldest of five daughters who will one day inherit "The House on Coliseum Street"—is the inevitable tragedy of our society's destructive secularism that scoffs at authority on every level. A mother who has been married five times can offer but one solution—a swift, antiseptic abortion—when Joan reveals that she has been "careless" in a tryst with one of her sister's boy friends.

While the sexual experience is not new to her, the brief pregnancy and its unnatural termination contribute degenerating psychological shocks against which Joan has no prepared defenses. Instinctively she reaches out in an act of vengeance against the man. Momentarily she savors satisfaction in humiliating him, but in a world where self-re-

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spect no longer exists, the future looks bleak.  
I doubt that the author intended to write a treatise against sin here; however, consciously or not, her novel presents a terrible indictment of today's sophistry and its repercussions. A way of life that sacrifices everything on the altar of so-called freedom can know nothing of truth or beauty, the stuff of which happiness is made. Instead it accrues only dividends of misery in one form or another and thus serves to repudiate itself.

LOIS SLADE PUSATERI.

## LEONARD BERNSTEIN

By John Briggs. 274 pages.  
World. \$4.50

John Briggs, a music critic whose reviews appear in the *New York Times*, has tried in *Leonard Bernstein* to write a "three-dimensional portrait" of the Music Director of the New York Philharmonic. In design, the book imitates Samuel Chotzinoff's profile of Toscanini and strives to dramatize its subject through a chronological recital of facts and anecdotes. For various reasons, Briggs' book is a failure.

At the moment, Bernstein probably needs the type of treatment that is offered an expansive personality who is suffering from overexposure. Unfortunately, Mr. Briggs' tendency is to exaggerate rather than to understate. At the outset, one infers that Briggs' bearing toward Bernstein has the character of hero-worship and, in fact, the failure of the profile is partly owing to the

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—Peter Quinn

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author's insistence everywhere on idolizing his subject. The book could easily be reduced to half of its present length.

Mr. Briggs has, too, a very limited sense of language. The tone is always insufferably arch; the focus, very surface; the phrases, hackneyed; the frame, overparagraphed and episodic. In several places, logic is altogether lost through faulty structure. Writing about Bernstein's two years of study with his first piano teacher, Briggs comments: "After two years' study, to his disappointment, she married and moved to California." It is difficult to believe that editors overlook dangling modifiers, but in other places there are ambiguous antecedents and illogical structures to substantiate editorial neglect.

The book has a descriptive discography of works written or recorded by Bernstein. Otherwise, as biography, it seems quite inferior to a simple entry in *Who's Who*.

WILLIAM A. MCBRIEN, PH.D.

## A FORWARD STRATEGY FOR AMERICA

By Robert Strausz-Hupe, William Kintner, and Stefan Possony.  
Harper. 451 pages. \$5.95

The events of recent months in Cuba, Laos, and Vietnam make this book required reading for those (and this

should rightfully include all of us) who are worried about our increasingly intense struggle with the diverse and efficient forces of international Communism. In *A Forward Strategy For America*, Dr. Robert Strausz-Hupe and Col. William Kintner of the University of Pennsylvania, aided by Professor Stefan Possony of Georgetown University, continue the development of the thesis set forth in their bestselling, earlier volume, *Protracted Conflict*. The authors make one basic point and make it brilliantly: the United States is up against a determined, cool, and dedicated foe who has, through an integrated world strategy involving military, political, economic, psychological, and unconventional tactics, put us in an exceedingly serious position. We are at war, this thesis says, a new type of war, a war we as Americans are neither prepared for nor accustomed to. The rules of the games are not of our making. Having made this point, the authors then examine carefully what a coordinated, wholehearted effort on our part, directed against the Communist menace, could achieve. Diplomacy, technology, unconventional warfare, alliances with allies are all examined, and our half-way, peacetime deficiencies are unflatteringly exposed. But, and this constitutes the book's most important contribution, concrete suggestions are made in each area to correct and stim-

ulate thought intended to redress our national strategic imbalances. Thus, the use of the term "Forward Strategy," and timely indeed it is, for, as the authors point out, "the lead time of survival is short." President Kennedy, himself seemingly more and more interested in this integrated approach to strategy, appeared to have this in mind when he indicated that there were many lessons to be learned from the Cuba affair.

One practical way for the laymen to know of these lessons is to read carefully this excellent and prophetic text.

ROBERT F. DELANEY.

## THE FORBIDDEN VOYAGE

By Earle Reynolds. 281 pages.  
McKay. \$4.95

If you had your finger on a push button which would destroy Russia and learned that Russian missiles were on their way to destroy America, would you push the button? This poser is a sample of what the author had to handle in interviews after he gained notoriety as a pacifist and nautical gadfly to the Atomic Energy Commission.

In July, 1958, Dr. Earle Reynolds, together with his wife, two children, and a Japanese friend, purposely sailed his yacht "Phoenix" into an area of the South Pacific declared a forbidden, nuclear test zone by the A.E.C. This was both a protest against nuclear testing and a test of the A.E.C. regulation forbidding entry into the 400,000 square-mile zone. Arrested by the Coast Guard, he underwent two trials at District Court in Honolulu, which took twenty-eight months and an estimated \$20,000 in defense costs to complete. Ultimately, an appellate court found the A.E.C. regulation invalid and Dr. Reynolds' consequent conviction without legal authority. Except for France's three Sahara explosions, there have been no further tests of nuclear weapons since the fall of 1958, according to the author.

The journal style of this book leaves some unanswered questions which an essay form would have had to resolve, while a large number of quotations and press clippings do nothing for reader interest. While Dr. Reynolds makes a reasonable case for his sincerity, the book will probably not have wide appeal outside pacifist circles.

Two incidents may be of interest to students of Catholic attitudes—a disagreement between Dr. Reynolds and a Catholic probation officer as to whether he "fell away" or "walked away" from the Catholic faith; and the abrupt refusal by a Catholic Layman's Society to permit him to attend a public lecture.

RALPH G. MURDY.



"Oh, relax, I'll see that you get to the office on time"

## OUR REVIEWERS

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**FERDINAND J. WARD**, C.M., B.A. (DePaul U.), M.A. (Catholic U.) is a professor of English, De Paul University, Chicago, Ill.



### Time Will Tell

► A man who had been on a trip to Europe when his friend's rich old uncle died was offering his belated condolences.

"And was your uncle in full possession of his faculties at the end?" he inquired.

"We don't know," the bereaved replied. "The will won't be read until next week."

—Bob Hartman

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## The Governor and the Nun

After the Battle of Tunica Bend, James E. Campbell, master's mate from the Union gunboat "Naiard," was brought to the naval hospital at Memphis, Tennessee, staffed by nuns of the Holy Cross order.

Sister de Sales O'Neill was present when the doctors examined the desperately ill man and heard them declare he was in the final stages of malaria. They added he might as well be sent home to die. Sister agreed home would be the best place for Campbell, but she insisted to the medics that she could first nurse him back to health. The doctors told her to go ahead and try it.

Gradually, young Campbell regained his strength under the Sister's care and finally began to move about on his shaky underpinnings. Weeks later he returned to civilian life at his home town of Middletown, Ohio.

Twenty-six years later, in 1890, the governor of Ohio, James E. Campbell, accepted an invitation to speak at the laying of a cornerstone of an addition to Mount Carmel Hospital in Columbus, Ohio. The invitation came from the Governor's good friend, Right Reverend John A. Watterson, Bishop of Columbus.

When the ceremonies were ended, Bishop Watterson invited Governor Campbell into the main hospital building to meet the Sister Superior in charge of the institution. After the customary amenities were completed, the Governor recalled that when he was a young man dying of malaria in a Memphis hospital during the Civil War, a Sister-Nurse saved his life by her skillful and devoted care. He had often wished he could meet and again thank her.

The account struck a spark in the Sister Superior's mind, and further reminiscing brought out that she, Sister de Sales O'Neill, was the Sister-Nurse whom the Governor remembered with gratitude.

No doubt it was one of the most fortuitous dedicatory speeches the Governor ever made. Sister de Sales O'Neill, incidentally, lived to age ninety-six!

BY RALPH L. WOODS



## Among those REMEMBERED

Someone has well said that it is a poor will which does not name Our Lord Jesus Christ among its beneficiaries.

Whatever you have you owe to Almighty God. It is fitting that gratitude prompt you to provide assistance for one or more of those institutions promoting His Kingdom upon earth.

Let Our Divine Lord be among those specially remembered when the hour comes for you to leave all that you possess.

May we, for His honor and glory, and for the support of those laboring in His vineyard, suggest that this definite provision be embodied in your last will:

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(\$.....) dollars, and I further direct that any and all taxes that may be levied upon this bequest be fully paid out of the residue of my estate.

**THE SIGN** Union City  
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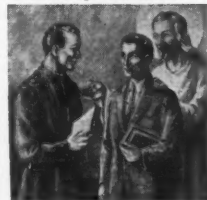
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Priesthood \_\_\_\_\_ Brotherhood \_\_\_\_\_

## THE WIDOW'S TRAP

(Continued from page 43)

Michele when he is drinking your Spumante, Gino!" Michele laughed.

However, in spite of this statement, he had to admit to himself that he had done nothing to earn the Spumante as yet. The more he went to see Antonietta, the harder he found it to mention pears, and least of all hers. Every time that he would near the topic, she would change the conversation to something so different that there was no jumping back. So it was that it came to be the day before the contest and he still hadn't said anything. He had meant to, but then, at the last minute, he had said to himself, "Would that not be dishonorable of me?" And although he had reproached himself the whole way home, deep inside he was glad that he had not stooped to anything as low.

That evening he sat for a long while in front of his house. He enjoyed the warm night and the sound of the katydids. Then he heard a footstep on the road. He looked up. There could be no mistake; it was the widow.

"Antonietta, what are you doing out at this hour?" he called.

"I came to bring you something," she said. She turned in at his gate and crossed the yard. "Look," she said, "the biggest pears in Castel dei Monti. I thought we could eat these two together this evening."

"Oh, Antonietta, you shouldn't have done it," Michele's voice shook with emotion.

"I wanted to," she said and smiled in that sweet, innocent way she had that made her look like a little girl. And just so there would be no misunderstanding, she quickly took one of the pears and bit into it. Then with her mouth still full of pears she said, "Michele, I hope you win the contest."

"Thank you, Antonietta," Michele said and tasted the other pear. He had never eaten such fruit so big and so sweet. With the first bite, he could tell that Antonietta would most certainly have won. Then a feeling of warmth flooded over him. Maybe she is not so pigheaded after all, he thought.

"Antonietta," he said a bit shyly, "Antonietta, will you dance with me at the festa? You know really there is no one who dances as well as you."

"I would love to dance with you, Michele."

The day of the contest was warm with just the slightest breeze hissing through the pines. All morning, the town prepared, and finally at four in the afternoon everyone flocked to church. After a few prayers, the procession left the church, first the children, then the women, then Don Francesco carrying the Blessed Sacrament (the young men of the village carrying the canopy over his

head), and after him came the men of the town. He stopped at three altars by the road and blessed all the people gathered around. The procession wound slowly up the road to the top of the hill where the last altar was decorated with flowers and candles, although the bright light of the afternoon made the flame of the candles almost vanish. Then the procession wound back down the hill to the church. The religious ceremony ended with Benediction.

Then everyone went to the piazza, where the entries to the pear-growing contest were lined up in baskets on a long table. Don Francesco came as soon as he had taken off his vestments. He walked up and down looking at the pears. "This is very embarrassing," he said. "They are all so magnificent I would like to give the prize to everyone." The crowd buzzed with excitement. Don Francesco walked up and down, touching the fruit, picking it up, turning it over. At last, he stopped in front of three pears which were just a bit more pink-cheeked than the others and maybe just the tiniest bit bigger.

"I award the prize to these," he said firmly. "Number nineteen," he read from the card. Antonietta was standing next to Michele. She reached over and squeezed his hand. "Aren't they yours?" she whispered.

"Yes," said Michele, returning the squeeze and stepping up to the table.

That evening Michele danced mazurka after mazurka and polka after polka with Antonietta. She was really such a good dancer that he saw no reason to dance with anyone else. He was enjoying himself so that he even decided he would not insist on that bottle of Spumante that Gino had offered him, as it seemed so far from his noble sentiments.

After the dance, he escorted Antonietta home. He said good-by to her at the door and then started back to the piazza. As he passed in front of her small garden, almost from habit he looked in. He noticed the tomato plants and the lettuce, and there back against the wall was the famous pear tree. He stopped then, because he saw that the third pear was still on the tree. He admired it for a moment. Now the moon came out from behind a cloud and shone full on the yellow fruit. No, there could be no doubt. Michele felt his heart jump. Half of the pear had been pecked by the birds and was quite rotten. "Why the little scoundrel!" he said out loud. But then somehow, as he thought about it, he decided it didn't matter that much. "I rather like people who can turn defeat into victory," he thought with a shiver.

Then he marched off to Gino's. "We shall see, we shall see," he said out loud as he crossed the piazza. "What a little scoundrel!" he repeated, chuckling to himself.



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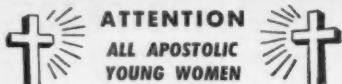
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Name.....Age.....  
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### PEACE CORPS

(Continued from Page 9)

marauding Lumumbist troops. I have a personal wound in my heart, for the White Father who was beheaded by Communist youths was Father René DeVos, my friend and confessor.

I have related these unfortunate events, not to scare away potential Peace Corps volunteers, but to indicate how adaptable you have to be to cope with changing conditions in unpredictable Africa. Most of the time in most places, an American will find the kindness and hospitality that I knew in Africa before the sudden eruption. Kindness such as that shown by villagers who boiled utensils especially for me, because they knew I couldn't use them if they weren't clean; courage such as that of the two boys who carried me two days through the bush to a hospital when I was delirious from a scorpion bite.

Life in a far-off land subjects you to psychological stresses that are as different from the comforting life of America as I'm sure the astronauts feel in space. For when you go to Africa, you are going to another world. The tropical starkness of it tests every bone and nerve in your body. You either grow up and throw off a lot of selfish traits, or you get out.

This is why the motivation for going in the first place has to be considered so carefully. The life is full of adventure, but it's no life for the merely adventurous. "This is not going to be a moonlight cruise on the Amazon," Sergeant Shriver, the director of the Peace Corps, has warned, "or a pleasant vacation in Kashmir, or a very nice opportunity to go out to the Far East." President Kennedy has himself warned of physical hardship, primitive conditions,

and financial sacrifice. And the Peace Corps handbook, elaborating on the pioneer life ahead, states with delicate understatement that some "might prove to be emotionally incapable of facing the realities of living in distant outposts."

Clear as these warnings are, I feel they are not strong enough. The frustrations of dealing with people who think in an entirely different way, the eternal heat, the recurring sicknesses, the weariness, the hostilities that develop among your own comrades—all these have to be experienced before they can be properly understood. And only a Christ-like charity, daily and momentarily renewed, can keep one's own intention and motivation ever fresh and unblemished. One can touch the soul of another, but only with the hand of God in true fraternal charity.

Yet the difficulties are not insurmountable, for many Americans and Europeans have survived and accomplished great things in the developing lands. But the ones who survive are usually the ones with deep convictions about their role in life and their usefulness in the foreign land. The stronger the spiritual life, the better chance a person has of leaping over the obstacles that lie in wait. Constant co-operation with God's grace is the missionary's secret.

If the Peace Corps volunteers go abroad to help their fellow men, that will be a fine thing. But if they go to help their fellow men rise in dignity and stature and contribute to spiritual, cultural, and social development so as to reach their final destiny with God, that is much better. For then they will have an enduring motivation and will be Peace Corps members in spirit as well as name.

